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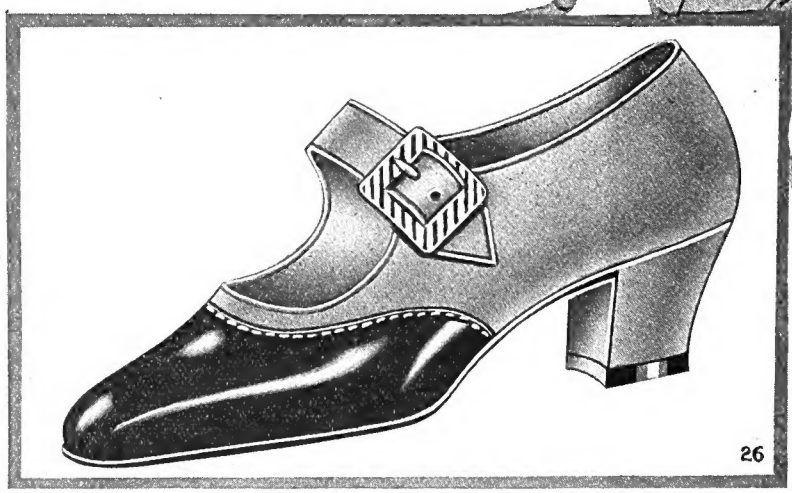

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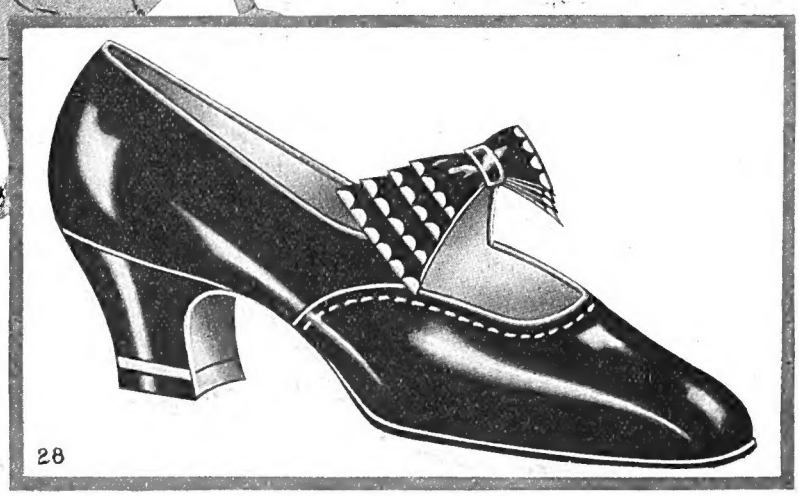

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Police Magazine

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

March, 1925

PERRITON MAXWELL
Editor-Publisher

WALTER G. SPRINGER
Business Manager

CONTENTS

VOL. II — NO. 5

COVER DESIGN, "Another Police Clean-Up" ..... R. A. BURLEY

FRONTISPIECE ..... JOSEPH ST. AMAND
Illustrating "Sinister Dick"

SINISTER DICK ..... H. C. WITWER 9
Illustrated with drawings by JOSEPH ST. AMAND

THE HIGH COST OF CROOKS ..... CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH 14
Illustrated with a cartoon and a photograph

THE YELLOW LADY ..... INSP. DANIEL GREGORY / ROBERT SHIRLEY 16
Illustrated with drawings by T. JEFFERSON MACHAMER

HOW A PRESIDENT WAS SWINDLED ..... WILLIAM PINKERTON / GEORGE C. HENDERSON 21
Illustrated with a photograph

THE VOICE IN THE TRAFFIC ..... ADA PATTERSON 23
Illustrated with a drawing by RALPH CRAWLEY

"THAT'S NOT THE MAN WE WANT!" ..... LEROY R. STODDARD, M.D. 26
Illustrated with photographs from the Bureau of Criminal Identification, New York Police Department

A DUEL TO THE DEATH ..... MAJOR WALCOTT LE CLEAR BEARD 28
Illustrated with a drawing by WILLIAM C. MCNULTY

BELGIUM'S POLICE FORCE ..... SAMUEL G. BELTON 32
Illustrated with official photographs by the Brussels Police Bureau — Deputy Chief Inspector New York Police Dept.

LEARY—PIRATE-CATCHER ..... GUY FOWLER 35
Illustrated with drawings by LEO KOBER

THE TYPICAL CASE OF A "COP" ..... HAROLD BOLCE 37
Illustrated with photographs of PATROLMAN JOHN J. WARD

THOSE FATAL FINGERPRINTS ..... H. M. HAMILTON 39

EDITORIALS: "WORDS WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE"; THE DECAYING DRAMA 40

THE MOST PICTURESQUE POLICEMEN IN THE WORLD 41
A photographic group showing the police force of Bagdad

DIVORCE?—TEN SECONDS—$10 ..... HERBERT ERNEST HANCOCK 42
Illustrated with photographs from the film "The Iron Horse"

JIU-JITSU FOR THE THUG 74

MAN OF AFFAIRS AND "COP" 75
Illustrated with a portrait of HENRY FRUHAUF

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY ..... CHARLES F. DRAKE 76

THE SAVING GRACE OF HUMOR ..... E. M. METCALFE 84

OUR COVER ARTIST THIS MONTH 87
Illustrated with a caricature of himself by R. A. BURLEY

A ROUNDSMAN'S MUSINGS ..... CRESWELL MACLAUGHLIN 88

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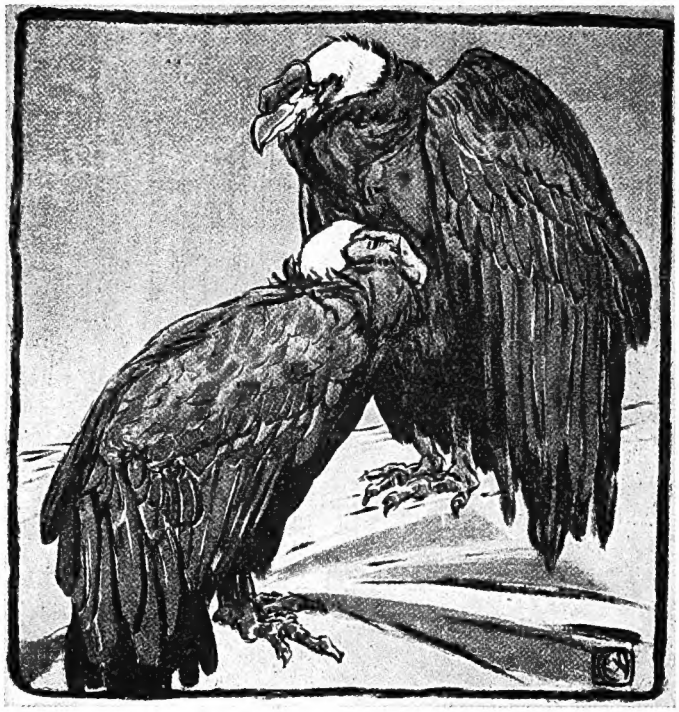

VULTURES

HOVERING over every community, waiting for the favorable moment to swoop down upon it and destroy its peace are the unclean birds of prey we call thugs, dips, dopes, gat-men and women of the dark. These make for social disorder; these create for the upholders of law many complex problems. From out the human vulture's nest is spawned the material that goes to the making of the professional crook, the gangster, the whole tribe of mental and moral defectives. As in the higher walks of life the men and women of the underworld have their specialties. Crime is divided into many parts and there are the expert and the amateur in every phase of law-breaking.

Picturesque, if you will, the criminal of every type is just an ordinary citizen gone wrong; the good man of today, through the turning of a simple circumstance, his weak will and the tempting opportunity, becomes the outlaw of tomorrow. When the moral fibre snaps strange things occur in the human machine. But while every true-thinking, clean-living man and woman abhors the criminal, his deeds when fitly described in article or story furnish an irresistable appeal; the detective story never grows old, the mysteries outlined in the daily news gives everyone a delicious thrill. A crimeless world may be the ultimate ideal of its best citizens, but no one can deny that much of the flavor of excitement would be sadly missed in a perfected society. Since we live on a planet where men kill each other for money and women fall from their pedestals of virtue, sometimes from unaccountably petty motives, there will always be a fascination in the narration of ignoble undertakings and false if stirring adventures.

Out of the evil that men do are woven the vivid tapestries of the fictionist and in this field of feverish endeavor the authors who are writing for POLICE MAGAZINE glean their material, visualize their unlovely characters. To present these pictures of Crookdom sincerely, truthfully, colorfully is the province of this magazine. We do not glorify crime but we know it exists and in pointing it out, whether in fact narration or imaginative dressing, we are aware that some good must result from "holding the mirror up to nature." Every reader of POLICE MAGAZINE may scan between the lines the moving finger of fate pointing out with a stinging emphasis the eternal fact that the way of the transgressor is hard.

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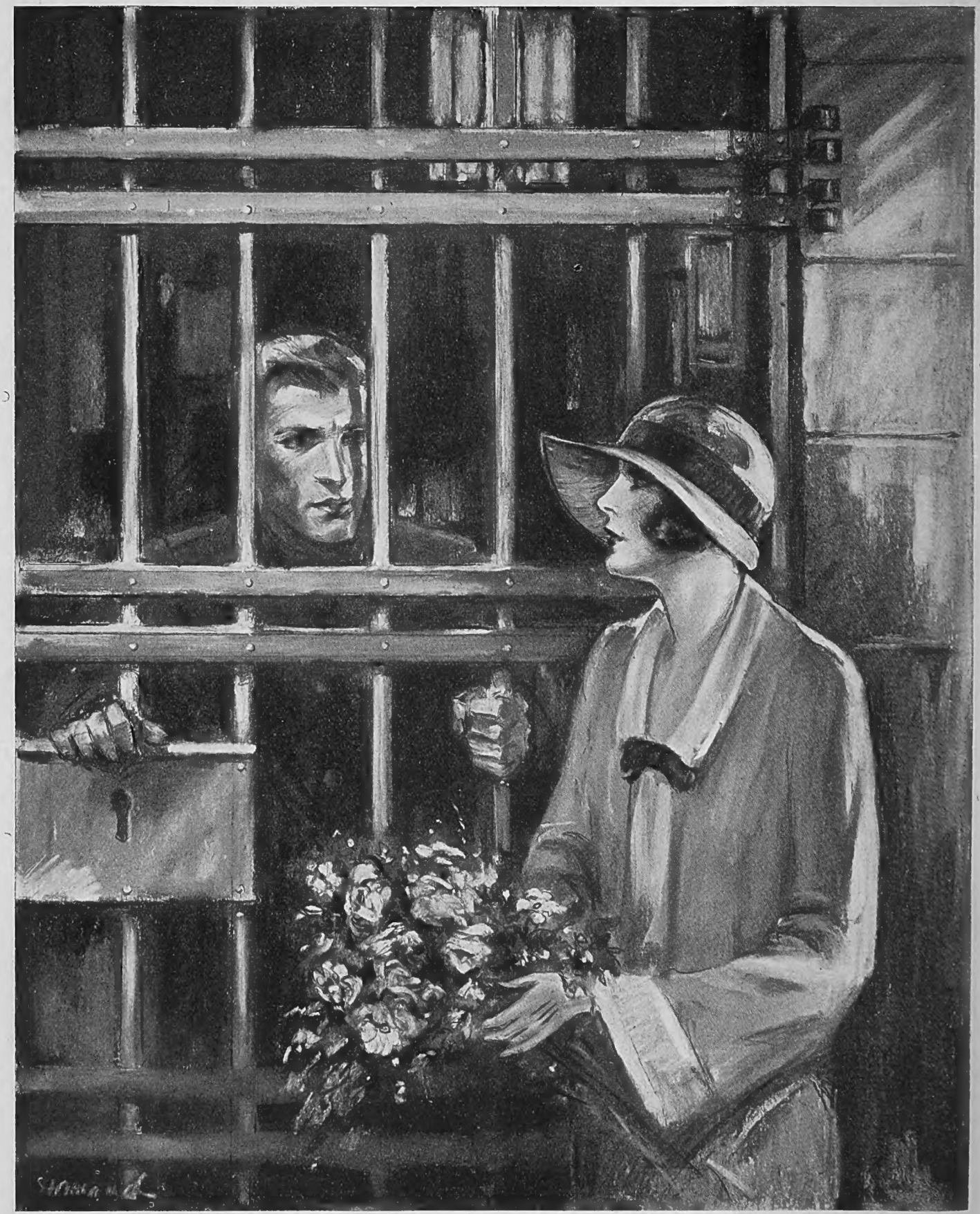

At length she stood outside the iron grating of his cell. "Isn't it wonderful to think that tomorrow you will be free?" she said.

(Illustrating "Sinister Dick", on opposite page.)

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VOLUME TWO
NUMBER FIVE

NEW YORK, *March*, 1925

$3.00 FOR THE YEAR
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Sinister Dick

He Came Out of the West, Hit the Big Burg and Stepped Into Trouble that Lasted Him Five Years and Then— It's a Story with a Kick In It

By H. C. Witwer

Author of "The Leather Pushers," "Fighting Blood," etc.

Illustrated by JOSEPH ST. AMAND

IT all came about through Dick's inability to sleep that first night after his arrival in the Grand Union Hotel. The dream of years—electric lights, little trick push-buttons that summoned comforts, white sheets and two kinds of water, had fallen absolutely flat. He was accustomed to sleeping in space surrounded on all sides by the horizon, floored with good, honest dirt or grass and canopied by the blue sky with twinkling stars in lieu of incandescents. So the box-like compartment, low-ceilinged and poorly ventilated, for which he paid three dollars, drove all sleep from his system. He felt a sensation of suffocation that would not down, and after an hour of tossing about in a fruitless effort to woo repose he arose, bathed his face in the ice water an admiring bell-boy had brought, dressed and made for the street, cordially condemning the hotel and its accessories to a place whose best-known attribute is its warmth.

Outside, Dick found conditions little better—the deep canons formed by the towering skyscrapers were full of scurrying, unfriendly humans, the noisy roar of traffic, bawling newsboys and general bedlam. His picturesque attire, for he had come straight from the big hills, blue-shirted and sombreroed, drew curious glances, sometimes coarse quips, and it all sent him tramping restlessly to the outskirts, devoutly wishing himself back in Calveras, matching his wits against the sheriff's posse.

There came a sudden rumbling sound—it was like the buzzing of a gigantic bee. He sprang erect and listened attentively, instinctively sensing coming action, and the next moment both hands shot to his belt, his veins thrilling with quick pumping blood as he caught the staccato report of a revolver. Then followed the long, shrill blasts of a sirenic whistle and he ran to the crossing, just missing death as a big, black automobile swept past him, careened crazily around a bend in the road and vanished in a dust cloud—but not before a gun had barked viciously twice from the rear seat.

Amazed yet alert, Dick stood hesitatingly, his own revolver in hand, as a mounted officer, coming at full gallop, spied him and pulled up at his side. In a moment the policeman had dismounted, and having Dick covered with a wicked looking automatic, relieved the latter of his armament in a manner which, while

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it chagrined him, roused his admiration and respect.

People were running up now from all directions and in a moment they were the centre of a milling press of excited humans—other policemen fought through the crowd, mounted and afoot, conferred with Dick's captor, cast malevolent glances at Dick and went on in pursuit of the flying car. The pandemonium made Dick's explanations to the skeptical policeman futile, but he gathered that a band of yeggs had looted the postoffice and were now in the process of escaping in a high-powered car. That is, all except Dick were escaping.

. . . . . .

Three weeks later, a jury of salesmen, bookkeepers and clerks gazed at Dick's picturesque garb and unshaven face, heard the circumstance of his capture dwelt on by the district attorney, noted the amount of money taken from the postoffice, looked at Dick again, shuddered collectively and found him guilty.

Dick's defense was hampered somewhat by his exploits in Calveras and points west. He felt that sending back for references might be in bad taste, so he kept silent and took his medicine, after the first outburst.

That was five years ago—in a week he was to be released from the state penitentiary out on the fringe of the metropolis, where the heavy-faced judge had sonorously consigned him, and he sat now in his cell, speculating on this event. Dick's brain, ordinarily as quick-acting as the trigger of his revolver, had developed into a thinking apparatus of rare ingenuity during those drear years—for while outwardly a sullen brooder, when constant confinement with human beasts and sodden types began to tell, inwardly he was exercising his goodly portion of gray matter; keeping it well-primed so that after his release it would be seasoned to match itself against this law of the city, which shut him up for a span of his life, treating him in a way that, had a man done so to his horse, he would have killed him.

After the first year, a twelve months of inferno, he grew calloused to some extent, and then they kept him making brooms and other useful articles of straw, and he had periods when the passionate desire for revenge grew less insistent.

Four years after Dick entered the prison it ceased rather suddenly to be a place of dispiriting darkness, hard work and petty punishment—another six months and it evolved into a passable domicile—because once a month it brought him in contact with a being he did not know existed; a fellow human who spoke pleasantly to him, evinced interest in the future and expressed doubt as to his having robbed the postoffice.

Her name was—well, something or other, but to Dick she was simply "The Little Blue Lady." He called her that when communing with his inner self and addressed her as "Ma'am." When he first saw her she was garbed in a filmy, becoming dress of azure tone and wore a hat of the same color. A pair of absurdly small slippers, also blue, completed the symphony.

She was a member of the local prison reform board, the only one of her sex on that august body, and she was very much in earnest, very sincere about her mission.

The day before Dick's sentence expired happened also to be the date of one of Her periodic visits to the prison, and as the hour of her coming drew near he felt a strange tinge of regret which even the proximity of his liberty could not wholly efface. He heard her voice as she came along the gloomy tier with a cheery greeting for each of the caged creatures, who had dunned the world, too savagely perhaps, for the living alleged to be owing them. She called them by their given names, and the eagerly listening Dick felt a very natural though much traduced emotion; you could see that by the way his jaw tightened and his fingers worked nervously. At length she stood outside the iron grating of his cell, while the accompanying keeper at her nod passed on to the next.

"Isn't it wonderful to think that tomorrow you will be free?" she said, smiling brightly.

Dick nodded with a strange lack of enthusiasm as he stood closer to the iron grill of the door.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "it'll be all right I reckon, only—only—"

He stopped confusedly and commenced a little tattoo on the metal door-plate with his fingers.

"Only what?" she prompted, her tired eyes showing a glint of surprise.

"Oh, I won't see you any more!" blurted Dick, embarrassed, but patently glad he had crossed the Rubicon.

He heard her swift intake of breath and in the slight pause that followed he turned away self-consciously and slumped down on the hard wooden bench. She came to his rescue with a little impersonal laugh and the precarious situation was saved.

"Indeed you will see me," she assured him, her tone making the words quite commonplace; "I have asked my husband to look out for you. He may have a position of some kind for you in town in a couple of days."

But all Dick heard was "husband"—and it seemed as though his soul perished with the word. His mighty chest rose and fell under the stress of feeling that sent his blood leaping through his veins, and his nails bit deep into the wooden bench. The mangling of the forlorn hope that had raised his being above the bars and the numbered tag on his sleeve momentarily unnerved him. There were no possibilities to raise, for Dick's code, wild as it was, recognized "husband" as meaning—just that.

"I notice that them poor devils come back here quite regular," broke in Dick, "and some of them do make a try at bein' square!" The sudden anger died out of his voice. He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well, I reckon if they want me back, they'll find ways of gettin' me!"

"They won't do that!" she said impetuously. "I'll see that they don't. When you are released tomorrow go to some nice boarding-house until my husband can find you something to do, which I am sure he will be able to manage in a day or so. I'll keep in touch with you and see that you are unmolested. And now goodbye," she smiled pleasantly, "until we get you that job."

Dick sat looking at the spot where she had stood, until they brought him his tin of beans and bread.

. . . . . .

The city of Barnesville was sleeping soundly by all outward appearances, arc-lights, sputtering at intervals, casting a brief radiance on the deserted streets. Barnesville had been a city only since the last census; previous to that the population inside the grim, cold walls of the State Penitentiary had almost equalled

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The two bodies crashed to earth, the man's startled cry cut off abruptly with the impact. The satchel flew from his relaxing grasp.

that of the town. With the increase of taxpayers had come electric lights, a police force, and a First National Bank. There were other accessories of a booming little metropolis that came more slowly—the organized, uniformed police force being among the latest at the time of this narrative.

"Sinister Dick" came ambling down the narrow street in the rear of the bank some time later. He had not discovered the "nice boarding-house" he had been urged to find upon his release from captivity, principally because nice boarding-houses excluded recent guests of the state. After wandering around the city on a more or less sight-seeing expedition since his release from the penitentiary that morning, and being needlessly fearful of every guardian of the law he met, Dick had decided to leave Barnesville that night, via the bumpers of a fast freight. He left a note for Her with the warden—having reasoned that the farther away he was, the easier it would be to forget her advent into his life.

Passing the bank he stopped suddenly, drew in his breath with a whistling sound and crouched down in the shadows, just as a man stepped out from behind a mammoth oak shading the walk up to the building.

The newcomer quickly and noiselessly made his way to a point at a right angle from where Dick bent double in the shadow of a portico, stifling his breath lest the faintest murmur betray his presence. Dick saw that the other was of slight build and something below the average height—he caught the glint of eye-glasses, too. The man stooped down swiftly and reached confidently for the iron grill covering a basement window. A sharp tug and it came out readily. Then his searching glance swept the place where Dick stood and the latter braced himself for the expected discovery. But to his intense relief the man swiftly lowered himself into the darkness below, stopping to replace the grate when his groping feet found the flooring.

Dick's vigil was brief and when he caught the slight movement of the grate he crushed the half-smoked cigarette in his hand lest the glow might make known his presence to the other, who, drawing himself up carefully through the opening, stood finally on the ground outside the bank again. Dick saw in the dim light that he carried a satchel now, which he lifted speculatively in his hand.

Almost directly opposite the bank was a narrow, shaded lane which cut off from the main highway and

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lost itself in the darkness of the night. It was for this that the man now made at a brisk pace, and after a momentary hesitation Dick fell in behind at a safe distance, first having the foresight to remove his heavy, prison-made shoes.

They had gone perhaps three hundred yards in this fashion when Dick quickened his pace until it became a brisk dog trot, gathering speed as he pattered along silently in the rear. Three feet from the other he suddenly launched himself in the air, alighting almost astride his victim's shoulders.

It was a trick he had found effective on many a former occasion and it worked to perfection this time, the two bodies crashing to earth, the man's startled cry cut off abrutly with the impact. The satchel flew from his relaxing grasp while he himself lay very still and grotesquely sprawled out as Dick got to his feet.

"You got a bad scratch on your head there, old hoss," he remarked cheerfully, "which same I'll fix up for you provided you don't get hasty and cut up none. Better let me 'tend to that item first and then we can take up this here other matter!"

He nodded carelessly toward the satchel.

The man raised a groping hand to his head and brought it down with a shudder at the crimson stain that discolored it. He pulled a handkerchief from somewhere and mopped awkwardly at his wound for a moment until Dick came impatiently to his side.

"Here!" he commanded, "take your hand away, I'll fix it—you're gettin' it all over your face!"

"That was sure a high class job you pulled off," remarked Dick, when the silence became oppressive. "I watched you do it!"

The man rose somewhat unsteadily to his feet at that and came over to Dick, who stood gazing at him quizzically, taking calmly the inspection of the searching eyes that swept him from head to foot. What the man saw seemed to relieve him immeasurably—some of the color came back to his drawn face and he straightened up with an air of something like authority. When he spoke his voice was sharp, as one giving a command to an inferior.

"See here!" he began briskly. "Would you like to make five hundred dollars?"

"Your generosity is going to ruin you some day!" grinned back Dick. "Why, you got about 'steen billion here."

"Listen to me!" commanded the other, unsmilingly. "That money you see there has got to be put back in the bank, every cent of it, within two weeks. It's too long a story to tell you now—someone may come along here at any minute, and you wouldn't understand anyway. The five hundred dollars I'll pay you out of my own pocket, but not one cent of that money can be touched!"

Dick gazed at him a moment in silence.

"I guess I'm stupid, friend," he announced finally. "All I know is that you sure got a piece of money in this here grip—the whole top layer is five hundred dollar bills! When they miss this in the mornin' and catch me amblin' around here, they'll put me in jail first and look for you afterward. I just had a little experience like that. Some low-down crooks blew a postoffice in a place called Astoria and I happened to be there when they did it—well, I just finished a five-year stretch for that this mornin'!"

He stopped and eyed the other narrowly.

"As long as it's agreed I'm goin' to jail for this," he said, "what's to stop me from takin' it all?"

The other did not answer immediately but stood nervously fumbling at his collar—he seemed to have lost his assurance almost as quickly as it had come to him.

"Are you—married?" he asked abruptly.

Dick was genuinely surprised.

"No!" he answered slowly, and his thoughts went back with a poignant flash to his "Little Blue Lady." "No—I ain't. What's that got to do with it?"

"It's got everything to do with it!" retorted the other, speaking quickly and passionately. "I'm the cashier of the bank! I've got a wife and two children. I get a salary that a first-class bricklayer would turn down. Well, I took a chance on something a few weeks ago for their sake and it failed to go through. I've got to have money enough tomorrow morning to pay for that chance or I'll go to jail—that will kill my wife! In two weeks I'll realize on something that will enable me to pay back what I've taken tonight. I—"

He stopped, as far up the road came the droning of a motor—they caught a flash of light and looked at each other significantly.

"If you're workin' in that bank," shot out Dick, taking advantage of the other's confusion, "what did you have to break in to get the money for, why—"

"I wanted it to look like a burglary," broke in the other swiftly, "in case it was missed before I could replace it. I fixed things in the vault to make it look like an outside job!"

Dick stood silently watching the gleaming headlights of the automobile far up the road which were rapidly becoming more distinct—the droning hum seemed to fascinate him, recalling the night five years ago in Astoria when—

The other man tugged at his arm, breaking his train of thought.

"Here!" he cried, "Come with me—I'll show you I'm telling the truth!"

He broke into a run through the shrubbery, half dragging Dick with him. They came at length upon a clearing and in the space stood a two-story house of stucco, framed by shade trees and a clinging vine of some sort that curled prettily about the windows and doorway. It wasn't just a house—it had "home" written all over it. There was no light visible from any of the windows, no sign of life about the little building as the man led Dick on tip-toe around to the rear.

"I live here," he whispered. "Come in with me and you can hide until morning. At six o'clock there is a train for New York and I'll smuggle you out before any one can see you—you can take the five hundred and go. If you were caught wandering about now you might be questioned and—well, you know!"

He tried the window as he spoke—first carefully, then with frantic haste.

"It's locked!" he cried, with an oath.

Dick pushed him aside and applied the blade of his pocket knife until he had raised the window softly. They vaulted over the low sill and dropped lightly to the floor inside, but Dick's unfamiliar hands, groping out tentatively, came in contact with a vase and it fell crashing to the floor.

Their fierce, labored breathing was the only sound for an instant and then from above stairs came a

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shuffling of feet—a little pattering over the floor while they crouched in the shadows then—a soft, sleepily tremulous voice called down the stairway:

"Is that you, Herbert?"

With a half sob, Dick swung the other man around, facing him—holding him in a steely grip there in the darkness.

"Is that—your wife?" he almost snarled.

The man nodded, panic-stricken beyond speech. He did not read the expression on Dick's contorted face.

Dick fell back, releasing him, and braced himself against the wall. The voice from above stairs sang in his ears—he had lived on it, lived for it, all those soul-searing years in the pen. He remembered how each day had been a stimulant for the next. Why, he'd counted the hours in the last eternity of weeks, each one bringing him nearer to the moment when, freed, he would tell her what was in his heart. And this trembling, fear stricken thing was—her husband!

The woman called down again—this time the growing alarm was patent in her voice and it was Dick who came first to his senses.

"Quick—answer her!" he shot in the other's ear. "Go up and tell her it's all right—you've been workin' late or somethin', savvy? Then come down again. I'll be here!"

He shook him roughly and the other, with a start, called up reassuringly, starting for the stairway. Dick grasped his arm and nodded to the bandage, which had fallen at a rakish angle over the man's head.

"Tell her you got a headache from workin' so late!" he whispered, the conflict of emotions within him not affecting his natural resourcefulness.

As the sound of the other's hurrying footsteps died away on the stairway, Dick slumped down in a chair and buried his face in his hands. A sudden swift thought made him glance searchingly around the room, but there were no evidences of luxury in the view afforded by the moonlight falling through the open window. Suddenly he crept over to the stairway and listened to the muffled sounds from above. The man's voice was raised, angrily, the woman's—Her voice—seemed pleading, but he could catch no coherent sounds.

The man seemed to have aged an incredible number of years as he faced Dick again at the bottom of the stairway, standing silent under the latter's scornful glare. He cleared his throat several times and moistened his thin lips with his tongue, before the words came falteringly from them:

"That—that money is going back to the bank!" he said, and his eyes stood the fire of Dick's. "I'll take it back in the morning. I—I'm glad you came along tonight! I—"

His tired voice trailed off somewhere back of those pallid lips, his hands dropping to his side with a helpless gesture. Dick looked at him searchingly, his eyes fairly boring through the dejected, limp figure. At length, evidently satisfied by what he saw, he moved to the window.

"Well, I guess I'll mooch along," he said gruffly. "What time have you got?"

Mechanically the other man fumbled in his pockets—at first casually, then his hand moved from pocket to pocket with frantic haste. He staggered back against the wall, his face bloodless.

"My God!" he muttered, "I left it there!"

Dick took a quick step to his side.

"Left what?" he asked curiously.

"My watch!—I remember now, I left it in the vault at the bank! I took it out, figuring the watchman's rounds. It's hanging from a check-file there where the first one in will see it!"

"Your brand on it?" asked Dick quickly.

"My name is on it!" moaned the other, wringing his hands in a paroxysm of fear. "It was given to me only last week by the president himself before the whole crowd—a reward for faithful service! As soon as they see it they'll know! It's no use now, they'll get me! I might as well make a clean breast of it and confess everything! They'll get the money back and

(*Continued on page* 58)

A soft, sleepily tremulous voice called down the stairway. "Is that you, Herbert?"

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The High Cost of Crooks

American Criminal Depredations Exceeded Three Billion Dollars in 1924—a Quarter of a Billion More Than One Year of War

By Campell MacCulloch

If memory serves, World War participation cost the United States about four and one-half billion dollars in actual cash expenditure, and humanity, especially that portion of it dwelling within these borders, was shocked at the staggering total. The United States spent roughly twenty months in the struggle, or at the rate of about two and three-quarter billions per year. The cartoonists have presented to us in innumerable ways what this astounding total meant to us as a nation, and to us as individuals, and half our post-war financial ills at least have been solemnly deposited on the War's doorstep, with a gesture of final responsibility. And yet that titanic effort didn't amount to much beside the cost of another war that is going on all about us, and in which no armistice may be expected, and consequently no cessation looked for.

In 1924 the American criminal depredations cost this country slightly in excess of three billion dollars; or just about a quarter of a billion more than one single year of the War cost us. Presumably the figures are fairly reliable since they are credited to the American Bankers Association, an organization comprising 22,000 American banks.

The figures looked at in gross are large enough, but their significance seems a little greater when we learn that they mean that every single child, woman and man in the United States—and this includes infants in arms and others incapable of self maintenance—lost a trifle more than $27.20 last year by criminal depredations. Indirect taxes have always been repugnant to the American people, beginning with that first injustice culminating in the tea incident in Boston harbor, but here we have an involuntary tax that is extorted without any authority whatever other than that of the gun and the jimmy.

All during the past year of 1924 there has been great stress laid upon national expenditure. The presidential campaign was fought largely on this basis, and there has been a concerted effort toward economy. On January 26 last in an address delivered in Washington to the budget organization President Coolidge urged an immediate cut of the cost of Government for 1925 to three billion dollars. In other words the crooks cost us in 1924 as much as the whole national government will probably cost in 1925. And that is something worth thinking about when the various legislative and councilmanic bodies of the land come to face the annual appropriations for police protection.

As a general proposition the American Bankers Association has not been noted for its hysteria, nor has it been prone to wear its banking losses boldly upon its sleeve. Yet its Protective Committee does not hesitate to deprecate the carelessness of many of its members, nor to point out that the old form of bank "cracking" is giving way to the more spectacular "hold-up". In a recent report the Committee states:

"Criminal depredations against banks reached the peak during the past year. The constant increase in crimin-

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ality since 1919 has passed the day of reckoning, and unless bankers themselves apply more drastic preventive measures there is no assurance of this rising tide of crime subsiding. With the exception of burglaries, last year developed startling increases in the operations of bank crooks of all types, the heaviest toll of any years being exacted by check operators, bandits, swindlers and embezzlers.

"The laborious task of bank burglary is apparently yielding to the more daring and productive art of robbery known as the 'hold up'; the 1921 highwater mark of 240 burglaries against members dropping to 98 in the past year. Over the same period 'hold-up' robberies of members increased from 97 in 1921 to 165 in 1924. There is food for serious thought and action in these figures when we recall that ten years ago insurance companies and banks treated 'hold-up' risks as a side issue in their burglary and robbery coverage."

Recently when the Police Commissioner of New York asked for more men the tendency manifested in the public press was to scoff at the necessity. Yet there are but two possible preventives for the increase in crime—one being a livelier care on the part of the public, and the other increased police protection. That there is greater need for police protection is easily seen in the tabulation made in the American Bankers Association report touching on the value of State police co-operating with local authorities.

"Last year 90% of the daylight robberies of banks occurred in the surburban or rural districts where police protection is largely in the hands of sheriffs and constables, whose first duty is to their local community or county. Their work is severely localized and seldom permits of the time or facilities to match the speed of present day highwaymen and their high-powered automobiles. Too often it is a restricted and disconnected effort on the part of otherwise able authorities."

In plain words the indications are that the rural or local system is defective, and that the remedy lies in a well-organized and thoroughly trained professional police department. Sheriffs of counties and constables in rural communities are inducted into their respective offices largely by popular vote from year to year. Seldom, if ever, are they trained men. Seldom do they have—as the Association points out—the facilities for coping with professional crooks. In so far as comparisons can be made there are more banks per capita in the city than in the country, yet the thickly-settled city contributes but one-tenth of all the bank robberies of the country in the course of a year. It is the cities that maintain costly but thoroughly well-equipped police departments. It is the country that puts its safety in the hands of amateurs. The remedy is obvious when other parts of the report are considered. That remedy lies in the protection afforded by well-trained State police organizations co-operating with the city departments.

"Connecticut, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, with state-wide police systems, *suffered a total of* 46 *bank robberies during* 1921, 1922 *and* 1923". Indiana has no state police, the report goes on and alone her record of bank robbery exceeds the previously mentioned seven. Then the report notes, if three other states where there is little or no state-wide organization are added to Indiana the total for the three years above mentioned *jumps to* 473.

"In other words", says the report, "with about an equal number of banks, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Oklahoma suffered ten times the number of bank robberies that the seven protected states suffered. * * * * * While we are much concerned about the 'moral unrest' of people, the banker is specifically concerned with the facts and should lead the way in checkmating the efficiency of criminals by securing an equal or greater efficiency and wider organization of police protection throughout the States now suffering for the want of it."

There was once prevalent a story of the merchant much exercised over the cost of the feed consumed by his horse. A brilliant idea came to him. He would educate the horse to do with less and less food. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment the horse died from malnutrition about the time the experiment was due to prove its economic value. The wrangle in every State, (beginning with Pennsylvania where the State Police system was first introduced), over its cost, is not inaptly illustrated by the story of the merchant's horse. As a matter of demonstrable fact the cost of maintaining a State Police system is usually offset by the value of the property confiscated or recovered, and the total of the fines collected.

The facts are, of course, that the forces of law and order are engaged in a never-ending duel with the criminal. Time was when the railroad made the overtaking of the crook more certain; by larger opportunity for identification if he used it, and by the greater surety of overtaking him if he didn't and the officer of the law did. Then came the telegraph and the odds in favor of the policeman lengthened, and with the telephone they went still further against the criminal. Then twenty-odd years ago the automobile appeared and the crook discovered his most useful appendage. The odds against him dropped and they have not yet been wholly overcome.

If the figures of the American Bankers Association indicate anything clearly it is the necessity for a thoroughly equipped and mobile state force in intimate touch with the municipal departments. That and a thorough network of radio broadcasting gives the law a definite lead, but it does not end the battle. The policeman is handicapped at the very outset by lack of definite information. The crook knows specifically when and where he will operate. The policeman only knows that there are crooks and opportunities, and that his ubiquity must count for lack of definfiite knowledge.

But the whole force to be arrayed against the criminal is not in the hands of the police. The potential victim has his opportunity to make the task of robbery more and more difficult. This the American Bankers Association fully recognizes, and it warns its members against laxity. The Protective Committee says:

"Check-passers, swindlers, embezzlers have extended themselves during the past year. Since 1919 their operations have grown * * * * and unlike crimes of violence a majority of these cases are controllable, if not preventable, by the exercise of due vigilance and sound banking practice in management. Watchful members (of the Association) forwarned are in the strongest position to avoid loss by checking the amazing progress of these professional tricksters. Enough of them were trapped during the past months to satisfy the Protective Committee that breaking this portion of the crime wave rests with those members who will give effect to the warnings broadcast from the experience of more than 22,000 banks.

"In dealing with these controllable crimes, bankers

(*Continued on page* 79)

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¶ *"I must never marry you, for your own sake," she said. "You could never pull me up, but I would surely pull you down."*

The Yellow Lady

Can a Woman, Once Under Police Surveillance, Climb Back to Respectability and Reclaim Her Place in Society? Here is the Answer to that Question

A Truthful Narrative as Told to Robert Shirley

By Inspector Daniel Gregory

Illustrated by T. Jefferson Machamer

"IT MAKES no difference," said Spencer Hawkins, positively, "they never come back. I don't care if it is a prize-fighter, a fallen minister, a failed business man, a race-horse or a crook. They may struggle, fight, claw and pray, but they never come back. One chance alone, and then—the discard."

The inspector glanced about the garish restaurant and smiled. I saw his eyes dwell first with keen interest and then with quiet contemplation on a party of three which had just entered. First came one of the most beautiful women in New York. Tall, graceful, well-poised and with a wealth of golden hair piled like a coronet upon her head, she was a figure to capture the eye. She was followed by a younger woman, beautiful, but of distinctly the second magnitude of luminaries, and then an upstanding figure of a man, grizzled, but with a keen, vigorous air about him that spoke of position in the world.

"You're a born pessimist, Hawkins," Inspector Gregory said softly. "And most pessimists are prone to argue from the particular to the general. That makes their reasoning false."

Spencer Hawkins was the advanced type of magazine editor. That is, he said he was advanced, though many of his friends insisted he was looking the other way, that what had happened to his mind was a sort of reverse English that inverted all his emotional values. He had served ten years on a New York newspaper; then an uncle left him half a million dollars. Greenwich Village, the association that half a million will earn from the cognoscenti of that ilk, and a radical magazine was the natural outcome. Now he openly scoffed.

"You've spent thirty odd years on the police force," he said. "How many comebacks have you witnessed? Less than one-tenth of one percent, I'll bet."

Gregory was still contemplatively watching the party of three.

"I've known comebacks that would make a dozen magazines like that anaemic rag of yours worth reading," he said. "I've watched struggles and victories that not one of us three would or could put across, I'm afraid, and my thirty years as a New York policeman from pounding a beat to a coat with a velvet collar has taught me that there is more decency and good in human beings that any of us suspect."

"Scat!" replied Hawkins rudely. "Maybe a man has come through by accident, but I'll wager you a cigar you never knew a woman to climb back up again. The world wouldn't let her, even if the police department was willing to give her a fighting chance. Huh! I know you guys."

Gregory's eyes narrowed a little as he turned toward Hawkins.

"You were a pretty fair reporter, once, Spencer," he said. "Now I'm afraid a few unearned dollars have driven your humanity out."

"That's all right, Inspector," contended Hawkins, "I'll bet you you can't cite one instance of a female crook that has come back. Anything you say. Come on now."

Gregory's eyes strayed over to the table where the party of three were seated, then he swung about to us again.

"You're on, my young friend," he said briskly. "Down on Sixteenth street there is a home for women where no questions are ever asked. Few people know about it, fewer still seem to care about it, but it needs money. I'm going to make good on my end, and when I get through you're going to write me a check in that little check-book I see in your vest pocket for just one thousand dollars for that home. Are you game?"

Hawkins laughed. Then he pulled the check-book out, unscrewed a fountain pen and wrote a check payable to Gregory. Tearing it out he laid it on the table.

"I can be a cheerful loser," he replied. "There's your check. If you make good put it in your pocket. If you don't we'll tear it up. Shoot."

"Just then I saw the regal woman at the table glance our way. Her eyes rested for a moment on the

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I saw the Inspector's eyes dwell first with keen interest and then with quiet contemplation on a party of three which had just entered. First came one of the most beautiful women in New York.

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Inspector's and then quite slowly she smiled. It was the slow, pleased recognition accorded a friend, and Gregory nodded his gray head and gave back an answering smile. Hawkins saw the little interchange.

"You know Mrs. Cavendish, eh?" he remarked. "Wonderful woman, that."

"I know a lot of people, my boy," returned the Inspector. "Some of them are—what you say. Well, here's the story. I'm going back about ten years. You may remember a woman we used to call the Yellow Lady. She was a well-known crook, whose specialty was bonds. She never served time because she was too clever. She never worked with any other crooks because she was wise enough to know that sooner or later she'd be involved with them in a deal that would send her up. Her's was a confidence game. Her particular lay was rich men. Half a dozen times I had talked with her. I knew what her game was, and she knew that I knew. Twice she stung rich men in this town, once she cleaned up in Chicago, and once in Atlanta. She played for widowers alone."

"I recall something about her," said Hawkins, "but why widowers?"

"I never asked her, but offhand I'd say that she had a good share of sex loyalty. That's the best explanation I can give you. The police know a lot about what goes on in New York and on which they can take no action. I've had not a few queer tales told me in confidence by men whose names would make you sit up. But we don't hold any particular brief for the rich man, nor do we pose as his guardians. Our job is to prevent crime if possible, and to correct it later if we can't stop it.

"So in the natural course of events I learned that the Yellow Lady had crawled in under the protecting wing of a certain man in this city. I learned it because I try to keep a finger on the pulse of things. He was paying the bills for her in an apartment uptown. You'd recognize his name if I mentioned it. Incidentally, he was a widower of several years standing, and had a son just out of Yale. The girl's game was pretty obvious. She was going to shake the old man down for some negotiable securities and give him the gate.

"When I heard about it I dropped up there to have a little talk with her, more for the purpose of letting her know that I was watching things than because I believed there was a chance to head her off. As I said, we can't wet-nurse all the millionaires in town. She was a beauty, without any doubt, and clever, very clever. Incidentally, I'd always believed she was as straight as a string. I put that up to her once and she laughed.

" 'Dear Mr. Inspector,' she told me, 'did it ever occur to you that people never run after a car when they've caught it?'

"Well, we parted good friends. I thought it was going to run along like the other things, but a complication ensued. This girl accidentally met a young fellow and fell for him. He fell equally hard for her. He was a mighty decent kid, too, and he had a position in the world. Now, not all the intimate parts of this yarn came into my personal ken, but I got it all finally, and this is about the way things worked out."

. . . . . .

Here is the story pieced together from the various bits the Inspector gathered up:

There came the inevitable day when the boy walked into the woman's little drawing-room and asked her to marry him. Twice she had tried to stop him, but he had gone ahead with what he had to say. No heroics, no theatrical business of any kind. He just stood there, holding the hand she had given him on entering, and told her what was in his heart. Now tears stood in her eyes.

She was quite a wonderful woman in her way, this Yellow Lady. More than ordinarily tall for her type, she had earned her sobriquet by her taste in dress. With the glorious head of golden hair that caused remark wherever she was seen, she further accented it by garbing herself in yellow. From head to foot she was usually a figure of shining, golden color. In her corsage she habitually wore tea roses, and her shoes bore great topaz buckles. About her neck a string of the same stones glowed lambently. At the opera she occupied a box, usually alone, and was seen at occasional first nights of importance, also alone. She drove alone, and lived alone in an apartment on the West side of the Park. To those who saw her she was a mystery, and because of that, interesting, which interest had bestowed her fanciful application. She had no acquaintances and seemed to care for none.

At first she had smiled gently when the boy had stopped speaking, but the smile was one of sadness. Perhaps at first she doubted his sincerity, but quickly the gravity of it came to her and her face had a new expression. He was quite young, this boy; she was old enough to realize what such a marriage might mean. Women are never startled at any offer of marriage. They have been preparing for it since the age of four, but, while it may have been long expected, the element of surprise is never quite lacking when the moment arrives. To each daughter of Eve is supposed to come the day of days when some male person picks her out from among the others he has known, and offers her his name and his hopes for the future. Usually the woman is flattered, even if she does not care to accept the offer, for it indicates that she has become desirable to some fellow creature. No small thing, that.

It was a complete surprise in this case, however, and the Yellow Lady was, for the first time in many years, wholly at a loss for words. She knew who he was in a vague sort of way, which means that she saw him to be clean-bred, right-minded and with some position in the world; the things a woman recognizes instinctively in any man. She had taken a liking to him because of his youth, his careful courtesy and his gentleness, which qualities marked him out distinctly from the type of man she had come in contact with in her long battle with life. A woman thrown on her own resources and forced to fight for her place in the world develops a species of hardness that answers well enough as an armor with a certain type of man. When she exploits them, giving nothing in return for something, she reverses the usual procedure. In all externals this woman was a crook; at heart she was just a woman.

So now she looked at this youth and felt the heart she had never been able to stifle swell up in her and catch at her throat. She looked at his earnest eyes and recalled a little tearfully how they met. Accident, one would call it, though she was more inclined to ascribe it to Fate, since the friendship had proved a bright

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spot in her life of recent weeks. She had stumbled slightly in stepping from her car, and he, passing at the moment, had caught her and given her his arm across the slippery pavement to the shop door. He had then lifted his hat and left her instantly but quite courteously. Two days later they had passed upon the Avenue and she had bowed to him with cheery recognition. On a rainy day a week or so later she had appeared upon the pavement in front of Gaffney's, the great jewelry shop, and had stood there helplessly looking for her motor car. He had approached and offered to find a taxi, which offer she gratefully accepted. Naturally, perhaps, he had escorted her home, and then had asked if he might call. All very simple, of course, and now here he was proposing marriage. She had never known his name, nor he her's, for they had agreed that the pleasant little friendship would be spoiled by unnecessary knowledge. Now she looked at him a little sadly.

"I'm not going to ask if you mean it," she said with a little sigh, "because you're such an earnest person, aren't you?"

"I'm waiting," he said, quietly. She turned away and came quickly back to him.

"I wonder if you know what you're doing," she breathed, with a little catch in her throat. "You know I'm so much older than you are."

He smiled.

"Two years or so, isn't it? I can afford that handicap," he replied.

She tried a different tack.

"Men usually try to know something of the women they select for wives," she observed. "Now, what do you know of me?"

He laughed now at the solemnity she put into the words, and took her hands.

"That I love you. That you're the most wonderful woman in the world to me; that—that—"

"And that's all," she finished for him. "What a pitiful little bit of information! Surely you could have found out more than that! Where do I come from, for instance? Who am I? What am I? And oh, such a lot more."

"I think I should resent anyone telling me things about you," he replied. "If I am satisfied no one else need care, surely?"

She looked swiftly up at him and there was a tug at her heart, a momentary panic.

"Someone perhaps has already—?"

"No one has told me anything about you, dear," he answered, and the color flowed back to her face.

"But you understand so little. I might be anything—you might think of, you know. Suppose I was—well, an adventuress sort of person? That I wasn't even quite honest? Suppose there had been things in my life that would hurt you if you heard them mentioned? Suppose someone should come to you and tell you hard cruel things—"

"I hardly think anyone would do that twice," he said. "If there's one breed of cur I despise it is the man who talks about a woman—any woman. In any case, no one will be likely to criticize my wife," he finished proudly.

"And your wife must be above criticism," she cried. "Ah, Boy! Boy!" she went on, dropping into a chair. "You see you are so very young. There is so much

"You see!" she cried. "Now you know and it wounds you! You understand. Ah, I knew how it must end, and that is why I have tried to fight it off—this revelation!"

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that you must learn, and now you want to spoil it all by marrying me. I had thought we were to be just good friends, and I had promised myself such happiness in teaching you the things you ought to know if you are to make some nice girl happy."

She came and knelt beside him. "Dear Boy, no one can tell a man how to be good to a woman so well as some—other woman. It's one of the things we don't get credit for, and we should, for there it little enough of credit for women at any time.

"And I wanted to show you the way, unselfishly, so that in the years that are to be you might sometimes spare a little thought for me. A thought she never would miss, because she would never know, and you would be able to say of me to yourself, 'She was right, and she knew.' And now you want to spoil it all." She dropped her wonderful golden head upon his knee, and he touched it very gently. Also there was a puzzled expression on his face.

"I don't think I understand," he said at last. "And perhaps I've asked you very clumsily, but I do want to marry you. I'm not so fearfully young, you know. I'm twenty-three, and I know the world well enough to know the kind of wife I want. You see, I love you. You are very beautiful and very good, and if you can find it in your heart to love me a little, I shall be very happy and very proud. Soon I want you to meet my father, for you are his kind, I think. He's a fine old dad."

She rose to her feet quickly and walked to the window, where she stood looking down at the park spread out before her.

"I should like to meet your father," she said, and then remained silent a long time. He came over to her.

"May I have an answer, dear?"

She turned quickly and stretched out her hand.

"Boy, you must give me a little time," she said. "You see you've put a great temptation before me. Come tomorrow and we'll talk it over. I'm—I'm not quite capable of it tonight. Please."

When he had gone she sat down and tried to think, for she had never quite visioned this ending to their friendship. He could give her happiness, and surely she had a right to happiness. She had the right to do the best for herself, and yet, had she? If she loved him must she not think more of him and his future than her own?

When he came the next day she was prepared for him, she thought. She had an array of perfectly good reasons why he should leave her with her question unanswered. There was a haggard look upon his face, but there was also a softness of the eyes that told of a struggle. He was conscious, too, of the change in her, of what seemed like a sombre atmosphere of resolution. Taking his hand she drew him down upon the sofa with her.

"My dear," she said, "as I told you yesterday, you know very little about me. You may have heard some tales, but not all of them are true, and none of the very worst. Have you thought, for instance, how I lived?"

"I had never given it a thought," he replied. "I did not consider it my business. You have an income, I suppose."

"There is no income," she answered steadily. "I have never had one. Yet, in these last few years, I have never wanted for anything. Before that were—lean years."

He looked at her, frankly puzzled.

"What difference does it make?"

"It matters to me, and it will matter to you," she said.

"I have enough for both, or I can earn it."

She sighed.

"Let us suppose a case," she continued. "Let us suppose that I should be foolish and wicked enough to take you at your word. Then suppose some day some one should say to you about me what it would hurt you terribly to hear—"

"I'd kill that man," he interjected swiftly.

"But suppose he had the right to say it? Suppose it should be true—at least so far as appearances went? Ah, don't you see what I am trying to make you understand? Why do you make it so hard for me?"

The youth turned a little pale and swallowed with difficulty.

With the frown deepening on his forehead he took her hand in both his.

"Perhaps," he said gently, "you do not love me at all just yet, and you are afraid of paining me, but I think I could make you care. There are so many ways I could bring you happiness. I know I'm not just the kind of man you would like, and often I'm stupid, I suppose, but I love you. I'm not witty, or clever, but I love you."

He raised her hand to his lips and held it there, but she snatched it away with a little cry.

"Ah, don't!" she cried. "It's hard enough already!"

"Not if it annoys you," he said, releasing her and stepping back. Suddenly she looked at him.

"Boy," she exclaimed, "have you told your father of this? Have you told him of me?"

"Why, no," he answered. "I waited for your permission, of course. I had intended telling him last night if you had allowed me, but you wanted to wait."

She moved slowly to the mantelpiece and leaned upon it. He regarded her, puzzled at her strangeness. What could there be so disturbing in an offer of marriage? Perhaps she did not want to hurt him by refusing, and yet saw no other way. Quickly he gathered up his hat and gloves.

"I see," he said, "I did not want to give you pain. I had no idea it would trouble you so. Forgive me."

"No!" she cried softly, moving to the door. "You don't understand, for I'm a coward, that's all. I did not want to tell you things I must tell you. You see, I am not what you think I am. I am not good. I am not the sort of woman you should marry at all. Wait!" she cried as there came a look of comprehension in his face. "I am not that, either, what you are thinking, but I love you too well to let you marry me with all this left unsaid. You must know everything about me, and then, if you ask again, I'll know what to say."

The young man had gone quite pale. He sat down quickly upon the sofa when she motioned him. She leaned against the door and thrust her hand out, palm upwards, toward him.

"You must know," she began. "It is not so terrible, but it is not nice. I told you I have no income, but I—I have friends. Ah, you see!" she exclaimed, as he shrank backward. "I knew!" She swallowed and began again. "Those friends are men who value my acquain-

(*Continued on page* 46)

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Hot winds sweeping off the Arizona desert; rearing horses; sweaty cowpunchers riding through the dust in the wake of cattle herds —this was the atmosphere the visitor brought into the room with him.

A broad sombrero, corduroy pants thrust into high-heeled boots, a cartridge-belt and holster denuded of its six-shooter and a big, honest face established the geographical identity of the stranger.

How a President was Swindled

Here for the First Time are Given the Details of a Bunco Game in Which the Chief Executive of the Nation was "Trimmed" for $10,000

By William Pinkerton

As Told to George C. Henderson, *Author of "Keys to Crookdom"*

"There are not more than five or six people living today who know that a President of the United States was swindled out of $10,000 by a couple of bunco men. They never really intended to "trim" the President. It was more or less accidental. But it happened just the same."

William Pinkerton, the famous detective, sank back in one of the upholstered chairs in the lobby of the St. Francis hotel, San Francisco, thrust his cane between his knees and carefully lifted a long cigar. "Pink", as the "boys" call him, had just come through a strenuous session of the Chiefs of Police and he was tired. "I am not going to give you the name of the President who was trimmed," he continued. "No one likes to be spotted as an easy-mark, least of all a President."

. . . . . .

Scene One opens in the office of a certain very prominet attorney in Washington, D. C., who will be known as Sam T. Browne.

A bulky man with iron gray hair lolled back in a swivel chair, cocked his feet above his head on a mahogany desk and smoked meditatively as he stared out of the open window. It was the President.

A short, dark, very slender man of middle age waded through a stack of tan-colored books, apparently obliv-

ious to his distinguished visitor. Here in Browne's office the President found peace and relaxation, freed for a space from the constant demands upon his time and attention. Browne paid no more attention to him than if he had been an office-boy and the Chief Executive liked it.

A knock sounded at one of the doors and a stenographer informed the attorney that a client desired to see him personally. The President yawned, groaned at the effort of bringing his feet to the floor and rose to leave.

"Well, Sam, I'll be going," he said.

"No, no, sit still," commanded Browne. "This is not a matter of state." And to his stenographer, "Show him in, Miss Hess."

The client filled the doorway with his bulk. Hot winds sweeping off the Arizona desert; rearing horses; sweaty cowpunchers riding through the dust in the wake of cattle herds; the smell of greasewood and the odor of creaking leather——this was the atmosphere the visitor brought into the room with him. A broad sombrero, corduroy pants thrust into high-heeled boots, a cartridge belt and holster denuded of its customary six-shooter and a big, honest, good-natured face, tanned to a nut brown, combined to establish the geographical identity of the stranger.

"Well, gents," cried the Westerner, in a booming outdoor voice, "Don't let me interfere none. My name's

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Cheney, Clint Cheney of Bisbee. They told me at our Chamber of Commerce that you was about the best law-shooter on this range, Mr. Browne. Is that right?"

The President removed his cigar and stared at the Arizona man frankly.

"What can I do for you," asked Browne, coldly. He had none of the President's curiosity about this fellow.

"Well, I'm looking for Jack Smith, brother of my partner; poor old Tom Smith that was," began Cheney.

"Of course," interrupted the attorney, "you know that this is an attorney's office—not a lost and found department?"

"Now, now," protested Cheney, soothingly. "Just hold your mustang. This ain't an ordinary lost and found proposition. When poor old Tom, a square-shooter he was, up and died, he left his share of the Sodom and Gomorrah mine to his brother Jack, with instructions to me to find Jack and give him his share. Y'see, I owns the other half of this mine, which is a fair to middlin' money-maker, and while I don't sabe how Jack Smith is entitled to any of it, seeing' that he never did a lick of work there in his life, still I've got to follow out Tom's will."

Affairs of state had vanished from the thoughts of the President of the United States and he was giving all his attention to this fine, upright, honest man from the great West, the land of gold and romance. It thrilled him to think that Clint Cheney had come all the way from Arizona to do justice to a stranger.

Browne, the attorney, was impatient, frowning.

"I should require a $500 retainer to undertake this," he said, and turned away as if expecting that this would close negotiations. Sam T. Browne did not handle piker business. His clients were millionaires. Without a word the Westerner unbuckled the belt from around his waist and extracted from it a big roll of bills and a quantity of gold. There was $4000 or $5000 in the roll, which yielded up the $500 retainer.

Browne took the bills gingerly, staring at them as if he thought they might be counterfeit. His manner changed and he pushed a chair toward Cheney.

"Now tell me all about it," he suggested.

After Clint Cheney had told all he knew about the movements of Smith and had given Browne carte blanche to hire private detectives in the search, the attorney halted his departure with the question:

"Why do you carry all that money around with you? It is dangerous. You're not out in the wild west now. We have real bandits in this part of the country."

"I don't trust these banks none," Cheney replied. "I reckon maybe there might be some ruckus before these soft-collar dudes could hog-tie and brand Clint Cheney."

An argument followed. The President arose, took his hat and was about to leave, when he joined in the discussion.

"Judge Browne is right," he said, kindly. "You had better let him put that money in the bank for you." And with that he left the room.

"That man one of your hired hands?" asked Cheney. "Seems to me I've seen him somewheres, or maybe his pitcher, it was."

"Just an old friend," answered Browne, tolerantly. "He was entirely disinterested in advising you."

The westerner suddenly clapped the dapper little attorney on the back.

"I've got it," he cried. "That stranger is the very image of the President, or I'm a one-lunged coyote."

It ended up with Cheney turning over his money to Attorney Browne for safekeeping, the same to be deposited in a bank the next day.

Quite unexpectedly the attorney located Jack Smith in Portland, Oregon. He was at one of the hangouts which Cheney said Smith frequented. The westerner was both glad and disconsolate when Browne told him that the heir had arrived.

"I hate to turn over poor old Tom's share in the Sodom and Gomorrah to a total stranger," he bemoaned, "but still it's his brother and they ain't no getting out of it. Tom and me et hardtack and beans for five years and on'y got drunk onc't a week before we hit pay dirt, and now I've got to give half of it to some maverick whose training has been confined to bulldoggin' steins of beer. That there mine is worth $100,000 if it's worth a peso."

"Why don't you buy out his share?" suggested Browne.

"All my dust is salted in machinery," returned Cheney. "I can't raise more'n $10,000 or $15,000, which is about a quarter what his share is worth. An' I ain't the on'y one who would like to get that property."

When Jack Smith came to Browne's office, he proved to be quite as dissolute and devil-may-care as the westerner had pictured him. He wanted some money at once, immediately. He laughed at Cheney's offer of $15,000 for his share of the mine and treated the prospector with indifference and contempt.

A few days later the President of the United States paid another of his periodical visits to the law office of Sam T. Browne.

"What became of the most honest man in the world, that Arizona miner?" he asked, after he had seated himself comfortably in his accustomed chair and had cocked his feet on the mahogany desk.

The attorney explained how the westerner had been forced to turn over half the mine to the worthless brother of his deceased partner, because he didn't have money enough to buy out the young scamp.

"If Diogenes were here today, he could snuff out his lantern and culminate his search for an honest man," said the President.

"You know I'm tempted to go into this thing myself," Attorney Browne interrupted. "There can be no doubt but that this mine is a mint. In spite of his ignorance, Cheney has become rich from it. He tells me the gold taken out pays the entire expenses and that the copper mined is then pure profit."

"I didn't know you indulged in mining stock jamborees," jibed the President, his eyes twinkling.

"But I know men," protested the lawyer, "and I would be willing to back this fellow Cheney with every cent I have. Besides that, I've seen the color of his money."

Cheney walked into Browne's office a week after this, highly elated.

"I can raise $25,000," he said. "Now if you can help me talk Smith into selling out to me for that amount, I will go back home. "I've got some letters from the Chamber of Commerce and some prominent people in Bisbee, which I want to show you."

He produced a number of letters, all of which spoke in high terms of Cheney and the Sodom and Gomorrah mine. There was one missive from a brokerage company, offering $80,000 for the mine, providing the other heir released his interest.

"Now you see what kind of a layout I've got," said

(*Continued on page* 65)

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The Voice in the Traffic

How "The Singing Cop" was Warned Against Vocalism on Duty and What Happened to Him

By Ada Patterson

Illustrated by RALPH CRAWLEY

FRANK GORDON stood in the middle of Broadway separating the streams of traffic that swept north and south from those that crossed them to the east or west. While he stood, a human semaphore, his raised arms stopping the vehicular current, his lowered arm permitting it passage, he sang.

His gray eyes, keen as an eagle's, made swift survey of the lines of street cars, of limousines, of impatient, panting roadsters, of two timid old women standing on the curb, of a black-haired, tanned man who drove a refuse wagon. Gordon saw all this, regulated it, directed it, as one who pushed the buttons of a telephone switchboard, but he lifted his voice in song.

"Bright college years with pleasure rife
The shortest, gladdest years of life.
How swiftly are ye gliding by!
Oh why doth time so swiftly fly?"

His big baritone voice broke in waves of melody against the waiting cars and their occupants. Unheeding the frowns of the would-be hurrying New Yorkers he rounded out his refrain:

"But time and change shall naught avail
To break the friendships formed at Yale."

By an arm-sweep he guided the flow of conveyances east and west. The timid old women that waited on the curb sent him a grateful smile which he returned with a boyish nod. He turned his keen, grey eyes set in a ruddy face of regular features toward the checked stream of frowning humans from the south. A nod and Jove allowed the fuming folk to pass, roaring as musically as he did so:

"In after life should troubles rise
To cloud the blue of sunny skies."

He inhaled deeply. His great chest expanded. His great voice balanced upon the first note of the final strain.

"Where'er upon life's sea we sail
For God, for country and for Yale."

The note hung suspended unuttered. A woman's eyes were looking into his. Strange eyes, big, thoughtful, brown. Theirs was a velvety quality that conjured vision of the round bed of brown pansies at the right of the porch of his upstate home. Tender eyes. Yet the features surrounding them were stern and set. Her lips formed a straight line of red. She lifted her gloved hand from the guiding wheel of her smart little maroon runabout. With the slim brown forefinger of her driving glove she crushed the straight red line of her lips. The eyes admonishing now, continued to look into his. Her gesture was unmistakable. It was one of warning.

The rest of "Dear Old Yale" remained unsung. Frank Gordon's bronze jaw met as in a vise. His eyes followed the bit of maroon until it was lost amidst huge cars of sombre black. His comprehensive gaze flung southward through moving masses, eastward and westward. Only the cold faces of the self-contained, the puckered faces of those to whom delay causes a stampede of wits, met it. The cars were demure or patient. Nothing outstanding challenged him.

But those entreating eyes, that brown, admonitory finger pressed against her lips had spoken their warning. Of what?

At the relief hour when he took a swarming northbound trolley car Michael Gilhooley's huge form jovially jostled him. Mike, stationed two blocks above, had assumed fatherhood toward the recruit from upstate. He grinned broadly at the fine head shining goldenly in the early spring sunlight, at the tanned face that always reminded Mike of his one visit to the bronzes in the Museum of Fine Arts.

"How'd things go today, Kid?"

"All right. Thanks, Mike."

"Tired?"

"No. Why?"

"Standing all day with any crazy driver likely to bust in your ribs any minute ain't what you would call relaxing. Maybe it's worried you be."

"No, Mike." To tell his burly comrade of the lovely vision that had risen as a foam spray above the stream of noon traffic, of its stern intent of caution, would be unwise. Mike would laugh at him, would remind him that it was against the rules to take a drink while on duty.

Already he had learned one of the elementary lessons to share a secret with no one unless you were working with him on a case. Mike distinctly did not belong on this case.

"How'd you like the work by this time, me lad?"

"A whole lot, thanks."

"Still thinking that there's a place on the force for college men?"

"There have been a half dozen of them and they have all made good."

"Good luck, boy! It's a fine idea you have of learning the way the finest work here so that ye can go back to the upstate city and be commissioner as your father was before you."

"There's no better place to learn. Good night."

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He swung off the Broadway car at the intersection of the bias street with one of the Eighties and climbed four flights of a "converted" old house to his studio. Gordon preferred a studio to a boarding-house. It was a survival of the days when he was a half-back and a more than fair student besides of the old institution which he had been extolling in song when the pale faced girl admonished him from the maroon runabout.

Why?

The question troubled his sleep. It companioned him at his coffee-making next morning. It went back with him to his post on Broadway. Eagerly he watched for the maroon runabout. Day after day he expected its return. If she took that route one day why not again? It was the safest. The best-manned. He looked in vain into lovely young faces in smart cars. Blue eyes smiled mischievously back at him. Gray eyes scrutinized the form and features of the sunny-haired policeman with the bulking shoulders. Black Latin eyes coquetted with him. But she never rose again as foam above the traffic stream.

He sang no more. He was a muted instrument; as certainly so as a violin locked in its case.

A month later he was taking the flight of stone steps of the old house topped by his studio when he met her. She was coming out of the house. His baritone for the moment awoke. It rose midway of its humming assurance "I," old favorite of his glee club while he was its first baritone "I arise from dreams of thee." His lips closed over the "from". He lowered his eyes that he might not too intently stare at her. A different young woman she was now, in a gown of white chiffon, a deeply red rose pinned at her shoulder. Her hair dusky ripples about her head and neck. Her bare white arm emerged from the folds of her black silk evening cape. Her ringed, ungloved forefinger pressed itself into the cleft of her soft, upper lip. Her brown eyes, velvet and impersonal, looked into his for a moment. She passed him and walked to the curb. A big black limousine swung at that instant to the curb and received her. A large man with full, rubicund face and lion-like mane of gray hair extended his hand to help her.

"Why remind me that you're so much younger than I?" he chided with a laugh. "I had intended to climb out and be a true gallant."

Her laugh, soft, cadenced, intimate, answered him. The car swung majestically toward the park entrance.

In the hall Frank Gordon met the janitor, an evil-eyed, evil-smelling specimen of his genus.

"Did you notice the lady who just went out and got into a car?" Gordon inquired with extreme casualness. "It seems to me I know her but I may be mistaken."

"Notice her? She lives here. She ain't a lady. She's one of them kept kind. Lives alone like all of them do. Just below your rooms. The old gent you saw is the only one that ever comes to see her. The 'dears' and 'darlings' them two send out over the phone would make you sick."

The stair-case creaked under Gordon's tread. His young body seemed suddenly doubly weighted. He believed he was tired. Was it spring fever? An extra hour of sleep would set him up.

Unconsciously he lay and waited for the return of the pair. They came in at an early hour, eleven. There was the clatter of dishes in an impromptu effort at hospitality. Laughter. The man's ponderous tread. The smoke from an expensive cigar floating out of the open window. The gruff, commanding voice saying "Come kiss me, sweetheart. I must be going." An unwitting slam of the door.

Why had the young woman flung that caution at him? Did she want a knight to free her from the fat old monster? Was she wretched in her captivity? Evidently not, for she was singing. Softly humming the line that had been upon his lips when he, coming suddenly unmuted, encountered her at the door of the house. "I rise from dreams of thee." A faint fragrance floated down to him. It was the perfume of roses. The old profligate had brought her some flowers. Obeying a sudden impulse of disgust Frank Gordon rose and slammed the window down. The singing, arrested in midline, ceased. After a time there was the soft thud of a falling shoe. He had noticed in his swift survey the arched exquisiteness of her feet in their white satin slippers.

Frank Gordon turned heavily in his bed and frowned into the darkness. It was true, then, as his mother and his upstate friends had said, that New York is a Babylon. That a young man is apt to be stained by its mark.

The next Sunday night was the date of the policemen's concert. The benefit would yield thousands of dollars for the families of men who had lost their strength or their lives in the service. Frank Gordon did not want to sing that night. He had thoughts of a quiet day in the old homestead up the state, of a day of reports from him and petting from his mother, whose silver hair was the crown of a saint. But he had promised to sing the first baritone of the glee club numbers. And a baritone solo. He must go. He must stand at his post of duty as he had happily stood that sunlit noon when a girl swept past him with her finger on her lip.

The great hall was crammed with eager listeners, forms jammed together as in a subway crush, faces upturned, cordial happy faces. One number, riotously applauded, followed another. Encores. Cheers.

Gordon sang his solo. His great, rich voice rang through the Oriental passion of the "The Bedouin Love Song." The audience shouted "bravo" and cries of "Another", "Please, another", came from the middle and from the corners of the great room. He sang the plaintive cry from a tortured lover's heart "Last Night".

"The stars, the winds, my darling
Are telling my love for you."

The last word trembled in his throat for as he finished he had turned obedient to a prompting, turned to the stage box. There, her white hands meeting in enthusiastic applause, was the woman of warning. His neighbor. And beside her the fat, old man with the mane of gray, near-white hair. The big man was smiling.

Mike Gilhooley climbed the platform and offered his escort. "C'm along with me, Kid. You've won the prize for the best singin'. The Commissioner wants to pin it on you hisself."

But the Commissioner did not. Instead he looked down tenderly at the young woman in white with the red rose upon her shoulder.

"You pin it on him, sweetheart."

Frank Gordon heard the words as the curtains of the box parted and Mike pushed him into the box. The large man cordially pressed his hands. "My daughter will confer the medal", he said looking proudly at the dark ripples on the bent head. The girl lifted her face. The velvet eyes looked into his. His heart contracted. Would she again raise the warning finger to her lips? Instead her white fingers groped for the right spot on his black

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With the slim brown forefinger of her driving glove she crushed the straight red line of her lips—a gesture of warning.

tuxedo. She pinned the shining medal securely upon it.

"Our congratulations", she said.

The orchestra flung out the tide of enchantment. "The Invitation to the Dance". "You dance, Mr. Gordon?" asked the Commissioner. He turned from the box to the men and women who were making gingerly selection of their places on the polished floor.

"My daughter, Carmela, will dance the first number with the young man who won the medal by his splendid voice and method."

Dizzily Frank Gordon clasped her waist and bent his head to look into the eyes that glowed as an autumn leaf shines in the sunlight.

"Do you know that we are neighbors?" he asked.

"I have seen you go out in the morning," she answered "and come back in the evening."

"I want you to tell me something?" he pleaded as they floated off on the tide of the waltz.

"If I can."

Her nodding head seemed to be seeking the shelter of his shoulder. His heart leaped.

"Why did you raise a finger of warning at me twice?"

"You were singing at post once and in uniform the other. I knew that if an inspector passed you would be reprimanded or worse. Even father believes that if a man is singing on duty he is not giving his full attention

(*Continued on page* 45)

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With his "dish" nose straightened, his overhanging upper-lip and weak under-lip brought to more normal lines, this man could deny his criminal record and flaunt a brand-new physical personality.

Add to the changed physiognomy of this type a different way of dressing the hair, a varied style of neckwear and clothing, and plastic surgery would enable him to present a new front.

"That's Not the Man We Want!"

By the Aid of Plastic Surgery the Clever Criminal of Today Can Change His Countenance to Defeat Police Identification

By LeRoy R. Stoddard, M. D., *Plastic Surgeon*

WHATEVER difficulties may have confronted the leopard in changing his spots, or obstacles in the way of the Ethiopian desirous of a paler epidermis, there are no insuperable barriers in the path of the criminal who might find it most desirable to make himself unrecognizable. In fact I have no hesitation whatever in stating that the human face can be so radically changed that ordinary acquaintances would pass its possessor by without recognition; that photographs taken prior to the change and compared with likenesses made after it, would show so few points of similarity that I doubt if even a trained police officer would be able to find basic similarities. All this is quite easily accomplished by Plastic Surgery.

Indeed the profession of plastic surgery is so fraught with possibilities for the complete change of identity that I feel certain the police will eventually be compelled to take it into consideration and find some means of identification that will go deeper than the mere shell of the human being. I have no definite knowledge whatever that criminals have made use of this art to escape responsibility for their misdeeds, but I am morally certain that such changes have been made, and I am led to this conviction because already I have received inquiries from three individuals now confined in prisons, and have received a call from one who frankly told me he had just previously been released from Sing Sing after serving a ten years' sentence. I have no manner of doubt that the criminal brotherhood is fully aware of the possibilities of plastic surgery, and my only speculation is as to the extent to which they have utilized it.

The Editor of POLICE MAGAZINE has asked me whether it is possible to detect traces indicating that facial alterations have been made. To that I must reply that in almost no case would evidences appear that would be visible under the ordinary scrutiny of casual acquaintanceship or street encounters. It is true that except for the most simple operations traces of surgical remodelling would remain that could be detected and interpreted by a surgeon expert in that branch of his profession. If he were asked to testify under oath just what had been done I believe he could not truthfully be definite, and for exact testimony it would be requisite that the scars be reopened. Lacking

His distorted ear shaped to regular contours, his brow and nose built up in straight lines and his pendulous under-lip lifted, this man could deny his Bertillon description and photograph at Police Headquarters.

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this he could merely say that certain general operations had been undergone. Summing up, it would be most difficult to testify accurately, and I can imagine very easily that in many cases positive identification would be impossible if recourse were had to the features alone.

Even so unusual a profile as this might be changed through the art of plastic surgery.

Nearly all the prominent facial features can be radically remodelled, not always, as I have just said, without evidence remaining, but almost invariably with traces that would pass unnoticed in daily human contacts, and that for positive determination would require close, expert examination and the use of a magnifying glass.

Taking the features one by one we may begin with the nose. The contour of this is easily changed. A dished nose may be built up. Incompetents have used parafine for this, but the modern plastic surgeon removes cartilage from the rib, and, operating from the inside of the nasal organ lays this new material in on top of the existing cartilage and leaves nothing but a small, almost indistinguishable scar at the point where the septum meets the lip. It might easily be that a man who had cut himself while shaving would bear just such a scar. Naturally the reverse of this process is equally possible and easy. Also to a limited extent a highly arched nose can be reduced to something more nearly approaching the quiline. Almost any nose can be so changed in form that it will bear little resemblance to its former outline, and since the nose is the most prominent feature of the human countenance it may readily be seen how greatly a change will affect the profile.

With his newly-acquired features and a few changes in hair, dress and moustach it would be difficult to positively identify this man.

The mouth is not quite so susceptible of alteration, but a large mouth may be made substantially smaller, full lips may be reduced to positive thinness, and the whole appearance of the oral orifice changed. Such an operation is performed almost entirely from inside the mouth, and the healing is almost miraculously rapid. How greatly such a change would operate to make identification difficult is readily seen, and this would go further than just photographic dissimilarity, for a man or woman with a large mouth usually shows a wide tooth area when laughing. With a reduced mouth it might be that half the usual dental revelation might be made. Again the person with a small mouth could have it enlarged, and thin lips could be made full. Dimples might be introduced and where mouths, as sometimes occurs, are slightly twisted they can be straightened. How tremendously all this must tend to throw off photographic identification may be imagined.

It is by no means so easy to make changes in the chin, but where these are not too radical a good deal could be accomplished. A receding chin could be built up, and while this is not good surgical practice the criminal might consider it justifiable. A chin that is too prominent or pointed might sometimes be reduced without leaving too many visible changes, though it is the least possible of all facial operations. It would not be impossible to narrow a wide, fleshy chin, and thus change the entire aspect of the lower part of the face when viewed from the front. Reducing or upbuilding of course would affect the profile very materially, and this I consider important since I understand criminal portraiture deals with both profile and full face.

Smooth out his brow, lift his drooping nose, straighten his upper-lip, crop his hair and this man could scorn his record at Police Headquarters.

Practically all that has been said of the chin is applicable to the cheek-bones. While it would not be advisable to attempt to cut down the cheek bones themselves, many cheeks that are prominent are so because of the layers of exces-

(*Continued on page* 80)

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A Duel to the Death

What the Old Cop Saw in a New York Studio—A Thrilling Page from Real Life in the Metropolis

By Major Wolcott LeCléar Beard

Illustrated by William C. McNulty

THE FILM had carried distressed damsels and armored knights through six reels or more of harrowing adventures. I don't quite recollect what it was all about, and it doesn't matter. What did matter was that I discovered the seat next mine to be occupied by no less a personage than Mooney himself. Mooney, gray-haired and retired from active service now, but kindly and shrewd as of old. He was a policeman whose beat included my father's house when I was a small boy. Therefore, we foregathered, after the performance, in a place where small tables and certain creature comforts were to be found. It was then that he told this tale, with the faint remnant of brogue that I remembered so well.

Times have changed, maybe; but the changes, when all is done an' said, are mostly on the outside. Nowadays we have our clothes made by a tailor instead av a blacksmith, but the men inside those clothes are much the same. Near forty years as a cop has taught me that much, annyhow.

That ain't all, though. Everybody knows that there's crimes that no police can prevent because no law can properly cover them. But there's laws in plenty against robbery an' murder, yet I learned that both—or annyway what the law would call such—can be done with a cop lookin' on an' him not able to do a thing. Maybe he wudden't want to do annything. But he cuddn't, no matter what he wanted. I *know*. I was the cop.

When I was reportin' for duty at the Charles Street station-house, the most of Greenwich Village still was thought of as the old Ninth Ward, as well, ye know. The painters and writers that lived there then did so because it was cheap and they was poor. I knew them all, pretty much, but some was real friends of mine—especially Jimmy Cope.

It was known as a teamster's ward, and before daylight one mornin' two of those same tackled me. Fightin' drunk they was, an' one of 'em swung at me with a cart-rung, which I tried to fend with my stick, but couldn't; the rung was heavy, and I didn't know as much then as I do now. So the blow knocked me endways, woozy and almost out. Another would have finished me, but it never came.

Another man danced in, comin' from nowhere at all, it seemed. Next thing I knew the man with the cart-rung had turned half of a back flip-flap, so that his head almost cracked a flag-stone. The other guy, who was all set to kick my slats in, wilted from a stiff uppercut at the same time. 'Twas the neatest stunt I'd ever laid eyes on. I got back on my feet and tried to thank the man that had pulled it, but he wouldn't have it that way at all.

"It was a pleasure," says he, rubbin' his knuckles. "But I fear you made a mistake when you tried a stiff-armed parry just now. If you had kept your elbow a little bent, so it would yield to the heavier weapon, you'd have done better, I think."

I got a little sore, then, for I thought he was tryin' to kid me.

"I s'pose, then, that when it comes to fightin' with night-sticks against cart-rungs you're the world's champion," I growled, sort of sarcastic.

"No," says he. "It must be something like cavalry sabers against rapiers, I should think, but night-sticks and cart-rungs are new to me. Come over to my place when you have time, and we'll try them out. It ought to be good fun and interesting. Cope is my name."

Then I saw that he hadn't a thought of kiddin' me, but meant just what he said. An' that was the way I met Jimmy Cope. He'd been away some queer place and just returned. Which was a habit av his, and also the reason why I'd never seen him before.

I didn't go to his place, though—not then. You know how it is when you get one o' these gener'l invitations to visit a stranger. Did you ever make good on wan? Sure you didn't! Nobody does.

It was night, though not quite so late as it had been before, when we met again. I was poundin' my beat when I hear a lot of talk goin' on around the corner in Perry Street. I went toward the place that it come from, though I felt sure it'd prove to be no affair av mine; there was too much laughin' mingled in.

What I saw was three men joshin' a fourth, who was tryin' to unlock the door av a house. One of the three, doin' more joshin' than all the rest, was Jimmy. He saw me, too.

"Pinched!" he shouted, laughin' all the while; then reco'nized me an' corrected himself. "No—it's my old pal, by golly. The one I told you about that stands up with a night-stick against cart-rungs."

What he'd told them, as I afterward found, was a sin and a shame, no less! Not in what he said, but what he left out. To hear it you'd think 'twas me that did all the fightin', for he never mentioned his part in it. But Jimmy was always like that.

"What did ye say yer name was? Michael Mooney?" he went on. "Mike, I want ye to meet these friends of mine. This one is Billy Merton and that beaucheous being is Rafe Uribe. The one you see engaged in a

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For a second Uribe stood, with that rubber tip tight against his shirt. Then he swayed and fell.

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vain endeavor to enter his humble home by means of a bran-new latch-key that don't fit is Dukey Kutz. And now that we're duly chaperoned by a minion of the law, we can proceed to stage Duke's burglarious entrance through a second-story window. But first let's see what my latch-key'll do. A lot of these old-time keys will open locks they're not intended for, so it's worth a try."

He ran up the steps, stuck his key in the lock, an' sure enough the door opened. "Dukey," as Jimmy called him, went in, and so did Uribe. The other two walked along with me, Jimmy talkin' nineteen to the dozen all the way. Before sayin' good night, he asked me again over to his place; and because I'd taken a great shine to the lad, I went, as soon as I could.

Jimmy's place was in the old Tenth Street Studios, that was built 'way back in the Fifties, and is standin' yet. Him an' Billy Merton had it together. Sure; the same Merton what paints the pictures ye read about in the papers. But he was young, then. We was all young.

'Twas a winter afternoon, when artists' light fades early. A lot of other artists came in, also Kutz and Uribe, the two ginks that was locked out that night on Perry Street, and Colonel Peter Tyrone. Palettes was laid aside, and the fun began. Indoor sports, with Billy Merwin, too light and too little to go in for them himself, rootin' like mad from the side lines, so to speak.

I wasn't so bad with the gloves, and as a lad I was no stranger to a shillelagh, which is not bad trainin' for single-sticks. And though jiu-jitsu was as strange to me as it had been to that lad with the cart-rung—'twas then little known in this country—Jimmy showed me a lot, then and afterward. But the play with them slinky foils was like the pianna in wan way; you had to begin about the time you was weaned to do it like I seen it done there. There was sev'ral who could play *at* it, but Jimmy and them two, Marmaduke Wellington Kutz and Rafael Uribe, was in a class by themselves, as even I could see, though the fine points was lost on me.

When any two of those three put on the masks, all chatterin' stopped. If Jimmy was one av the pair old Colonel Tyrone would step forward, near as tall an' slim as a lamp-post and about as talkative as a gen'ral rule. I can see him now, hook nose, curly white hair and all, with his elbow in wan hand and the other twistin' the ends of his turned-up mustache as he watched through a little, round pane av glass screwed into the socket av one sharp, blue eye.

Now an' then he'd make some comment, always to Jimmy. Maybe the lad would parry, with a lightnin'-quick flash of his wrist. "Ye swing like a ferry-boat," the old Colonel would snort. Or when the foil licked out like a snake's tongue, but failed to touch, "D'ye think you're pokin' the furnace fire?" he'd ask. I couldn't make him out; he was so much older than the rest, an' so differ'nt. Then I forgot him, for she came in.

"Glory" was the name they called her; Mrs. Billy Merwin she is now. A singer she was. The face of her would make the movie star we saw today look like the deuce av clubs with the smear av a dirty thumb on it, and her voice would fair melt a man's heart. Small wonder that Billy painted her as Saint Cecilia, with a bunch av fiddlin' angels in the background. Still smaller wonder would it have been if Jimmy had fallen head over heels in love with her, as at first I thought he had and as she, if I don't mistake meself, thinks to this day. 'Twas no fault av hers that he didn't, an' so he might have done, for a while, annyhow, if it hadn't been for two things.

She was promised to Billy Merton, his friend, and Jimmy was clean; clean inside and out. He was a lot like that guy in the suit av white tinware we saw in the film. Yes; that was the name—Galahad. For there is such men. Not manny; yet there's a few. But Jimmy was the first I ever met, so it took me a little time to make him out. I studied him close at that, because I liked him more an' more each time I seen him.

There also was one other man that I studied, but that was mostly because he puzzled me so. I mean old Colonel Peter Tyrone. But I liked him, too, because I soon saw that he was no less fond an' proud of Jimmy than a father would be. He put me in mind of a game-cock that had substituted for a hen in lookin' after wan chick. After a little he made it plain that he liked me for the same reason.

"Good afternoon, Michael; I'm glad to see you," he'd say, when we met. No more, but that was a lot for him. Still, as to who or what he was I knew no more than what I've said till I learned in a way that astonished me.

The Tenth Street Studios wasn't in my precinct, and I'd said nothin' at the station-house about goin' there. 'Twas nobody's business but me own. But the first two times I went there in uniform because I'd no time nor place to change, and some man from the Central Office must have seen me. Annyway, one mornin' I gets orders to report at Headquarters. 'Twas down in Mulberry Street then, and I went there in fear an' tremblin', wonderin' what I'd done, an' what they'd do to me. What they did do was ask me questions.

The old Inspector was as gray as Colonel Peter Tyrone himself, and in his own way near as wise. How was it I came to go to that studio, he wanted to know. I told him; I'd nothin' to conceal, sure. Who was in the habit of goin' there? I mention the artists; he flips his hand. It's plain he's not interested, and that he ain't much more interested in that Glory girl and the two ginks, Kutz and Uribe, though he gives me some points about them. But when it comes to Jimmy and the Colonel he pricks up his ears and takes notice. I get troubled at that; he sees it an' grins. He was a wise old bird, like I told you.

"They're not crooks," he says, answerin' the question I didn't dare to ask. "We've got nothin' on them. But we don't want to have; and that's the reason why you're here. This Colonel Tyrone—"Sudden Death" Tyrone, as they call him—is a soldier, and has no other trade. He served in the Cuban insurrection and this young Cope, that he has taken under his wing, was on his staff. We're afraid they're getting ready to start an expedition from here, so we're keeping an eye on them to make sure they don't. There's no secret in this. Tell them what I've said, and tell them at the same time that it's your sworn duty to report any violation of the law. That's all."

So I went, and I told them. It was do that or stay away, for I'd not spy on them when they thought I

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was just a friend. I was scared stiff for fear they'd take the news wrong, but I needn't have been.

"Hooray for Sherlock Holmes," yells Jimmy, with that crowin' laugh of his, as he shook me hand. And even the Colonel smiled.

"I think, Michael, that your task of surveillance will be an easy one," said he.

So that was that. 'Twas made easy for me to change into plain clo'es, by orders from Headquarters most like, though I don't know, and I got in the way av goin' to that studio regular. They made me welcome, and soon I found a way to make meself useful, as well.

I was a husky young gorilla in them days, and I got in the way of posin' for them to paint from. Billy was a picture-painter then as he is now, and though Jimmy was no more than a good amachure, he worked hard at it when he worked at all. Reg'lar models cost half a dollar an hour, and they'd be shy of the money, often as not.

There was no real reason for them to go shy, it's true. Though Jimmy had but little money, Billy Merwin had a lot, that was left him by an old aunt. But he could hold a dollar no longer than a fish-net can hold flies. Everybody knew that. None knew it better than Marmaduke Wellington Kutz and Rafael Uribe. Why wouldn't they, when they'd been livin' off Billy for months on the stren'th of bein' old friends av the girl he was to marry? None knew it better than the girl herself; and for her own sake she started to make her lad to button up his pockets. 'Twas hard for even her to do, but she kept at it, an' that's how the trouble came.

I felt it comin'. So did Jimmy, an' it made him unhappy, but he didn't know what the trouble was. The tips I'd had at Headquarters that day helped me to put meself wise, but no one else knew, except the Glory girl and them two ginks. I didn't tell him an' they wouldn't—natur'ly. 'Twas a fight between them and her. Whichever side managed to get next to Billy would win that round. It was a real fight, too. To the ginks it meant their meal-tickets an' spendin' money, which would be so much the less for her; and she valued a dollar not quite so highly as she did wan av them violet-colored eyes av hers, but not much less.

That fight could only go one way in the long run, of course, if it was carried on as it had been. It took the ginks quite a time to figure this out, but they done so at last, and along in May the show-down came.

Neither Kutz nor Uribe—nor the Glory girl, either—came to the studio that afternoon. Jimmy was peevish, for there was to have been fencin', and he faded away early, but the late dusk had begun to fall when I left.

Now, promptly at six o'clock that old buildin' is locked, and the little office on the east side av its front door is left empty. But it wasn't empty now; both Jimmy and that Glory girl was standin' there, her arms around his neck, and she a-cryin'. Then I tramped on, like I'd noticed nothin' at all. 'Twas only for the space av a split second I saw them like that, but even so I could tell that 'twas not like lovers they stood. He was more like a father, who was tryin' to comfort her.

A fine father Jimmy would make for her, who was older than him by annyhow three years! I wondered what she was up to, and after slammin' the door, I walked slow for a little, hopin' that Jimmy would come an' explain. But he didn't, and so I had to go on about me business.

Me beat was as quiet as a Quaker funer'l, and all the worse for me that it was so; I'd nothin' to do but walk an' worry about Jimmy. Well I knew that when that Glory girl pulled her sobbin' stuff on Jimmy's manly bosom she meant no treachery to Billy Merwin; his dollars would hold her straight as far as that went. No, she needed to have somethin' done, and because the two ginks that hadn't showed up that day was old friends av hers, I thought av them.

Where Uribe lived I never knew; it was Kutz that had rooms on Perry Street. I saw that he was home, for there was a light in his windas. I didn't expect that Jimmy would go there, and also that I would meet him; the odds against such a double event was long, but I was missin' no chances. And as it happened, I won the bet.

I turned into Perry Street from Greenwich Avenya when I seen Jimmy as he went up the steps of that house. 'Twas the custom to tap on Kutz's winda, which was on the parlor floor, instead of ringin' the bell, but Jimmy didn't tap. Then I remembered that key he had what would open the front door. He shouldn't get into a scrape if I could help it—not with the law nor yet with the ginks, neither wan. So I sprinted for fair.

He'd left the front door open, and I went in just in time to see him fling open Kutz's door an' march in without knockin'. There was no light in the front hall; roomin'-house landladies is economical. To horn into the game if it didn't concern me was the last thing I wanted. So I stood there in the dark, and waited to see which way the cat would be jumpin'—and much good it did me!

"No!" I heard him say, before I got where I could see. "None of that, Dukey, if you please. Be so good as to keep your hands on the table!"

Now, Jimmy's first word might have been snapped from the jaws av a steel trap, but all the rest was uttered as soft as the cooin' av a turtle-dove. I edged forward, so I could see.

Kutz sat facin' the doorway behind a big library table with drawers in it. He'd pulled open wan drawer, and in it I could see, among a raffle av papers an' the like, the gleam av a nickle-plated gun. But he hadn't touched it. His hands was on the table. His blond, he-doll face had turned gray-white—a fish-belly white—as it looked into the face av Jimmy.

Jimmy stood with his back to me. His right hand was in the side pocket of his coat, and he'd crooked his elbow so that the pocket was raised an' pushed forward a little. In his left hand was a twist av paper that he tossed down before Kutz.

"From Glory," he said. "She sent me here, with this request—or command—that you deliver her letters to me. Will you therefore—ah!"

That last was a sort av a bark. Kutz, who had made a move, not to take that paper with the spraggly writin' on it, but to'rds the open drawer, put his hands back where they'd been before.

"Ah!" said Jimmy again, but in a differ'nt tone; and leanin' forward he picks up a packet of letters, with a rubber band around it, that lays close beside

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Belgian Deputy Commissioner of Police in Full-Dress Uniform

Belgian Commissioner of Police

Deputy Commissioner of Police, Brussels, in Ordinary Uniform

Belgium's Police Force

The Inside Workings of the Law and Order Organization of Europe's Most Progressive Kingdom

By Deputy Chief Inspector Samuel G. Belton *in collaboration with Acting-Captain* John A. Golden, *Lieutenant* F. C. Kruse *and Former Inspector* William T. Davis *of the Foreign Police Commission, New York*

Illustrated with official photographs by the Brussels Police Department

THE broad, well-kept streets of Brussels, the shops, the cafés, with their little iron tables set forth on the sidewalks, all suggest Paris, but with a difference. The chatter of the local *boulevardiers* as they sit around those tables also suggests Paris, but again with a difference, for Parisian French is to be acquired only in Paris. In no way are these things to be wondered at; the French flag flew over Brussels for important years of that city's stormy history, so that the law of the land is founded on the old Roman law as interpreted by the Napoleonic Code. In view of these facts, it is almost inevitable that the Belgian police should be modeled upon the police of France, but once more with a certain difference, and this we of the New York Police Deparment found to be exactly the case.

In the rural districts of Belgium, as in those of France, the Gendarmes are always to be seen. In a manner they may be compared to our own state constabulary, but the

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comparison is by no means exact. The range of the Gendarmes, unrestricted by subterritorial limits, is nation-wide. Alert and upstanding, immaculately uniformed and perfectly disciplined, an exceptionally fine body of men we found them to be; but with these qualities their resemblance to our state troopers ends.

The Belgian Gendarme, always a veteran soldier—he must, in fact have served for at least eight years before he is eligible for that hand-picked corps—is enlisted for a term of three years. Two hundred of his corps are mounted; the remainder, 4,000 strong, serve as infantry. He has no connection with the city governments. His duties bring him within their jurisdiction only in cases of great emergency or occasions of ceremony, such as parades or the like.

The *Police Judiciare*—the State organization of detectives, in other words—is also nation-wide in its scope. Its work lies largely within the cities, it is true. True also that it is divided into many semi-independent parts. These parts, however, are like the divisions in an army corps in that they all are responsible to a common head which, in this instance, is the *Procureur Général du Roi*; or as we would say, the Attorney-General.

When one speaks of the guardians of Belgian cities, one therefore refers to the uniformed police which each city maintains independently of all the others. It is with these uniformed forces, as exemplified by the municipal police of Brussels, that this article has to deal.

The jurisdiction of a Belgian municipality usually includes its immediate environs; and to this rule Brussels is no exception. With this fact in mind, the brief statement of the following statistics are necessary:

	Brussels Proper.	*Greater Brussels.*
Population	215,504	803,656
Area	8,163.2 Acres	30,642 Acres
Streets	141 Miles	———

For the protection of this city there is employed police of all ranks in numbers that follow:

Chief Commissioner (Commissaire).....	1
Commissioners	10
Deputy Commissioner Inspectors.....	23
Deputy Commissioners	50
Special Constables (Agents Speciaux)...	141
Constable Inspectors	78
Agents de Sureté (Municipal Detectives)	13
Agents Brigadier	668
Guardians of the Square.....	41
Total	1,062

It is impossible exactly to define the above ranks by comparing them with policemen's ranks here. Roughly all the "Commissaires" are commissioned officers, lieutenants or higher, and all the rest non-commissioned

Police Cyclist of Belgium in Complete Regulation Winter Uniform

Belgian Constable in Winter Uniform With His Police Dog

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officers except the "Agent" who is a private; that is, a patrolman, as we would say. The Special Constables are not unlike our police sergeants. The "Agent Brigadier," the lowest non-commissioned rank, may vaguely be compared to an army lance-corporal.

In the United States we have nothing that corresponds to the Belgian *Palais de Justice.* This imposing building stands, as one might expect, in the capital, and its functions, all connected with the administration of the country's laws, are manifold. Among many other departments it houses what we probably would call National Police Headquarters, did we possess such a thing, and also the Central Office of the Brussels Municipal Police. But though they are sheltered by the same roof for the sake of convenience, they have no other direct connection; and, as already has been stated, it is with the latter only that this article is concerned.

For police purposes every Belgian city is separated into parts known as "Divisions." Brussels has eleven of these. Ten of them are territorial; one is the *Division Centrale,* which is another name for the Municipal Police Headquarters mentioned above. Here, in the *Palais de Justice,* is to be found the head of the uniformed police and his staff, as given below:

1 Chief Commissioner
1 Assistant Chief Commissioner
15 Dep. Commissioner Inspectors
60 Special Constables
78 Constable Inspectors
28 Agents Brigadiers
16 Bicyclists and motor-cyclists

In close touch with the Central Office is a police court, supervised by a Police Commissioner, for the trial of those who are accused of petty violations—"contraventions," they are called—of the law. The procedure differs considerably from anything of its sort as practiced in the United States. The violation is embodied in a written report, "Procès-Verbal," made by the "Agent" (any policeman, but usually a patrolman) who discovers this violation. This report is forwarded through regular official channels to the Commissioner who is acting as magistrate. The offender is then summoned to appear, and if found guilty is fined a sum not exceeding twenty-five francs or is imprisoned for a period not longer than seven days.

The channels which bring these reports to the Police Court all run through the Territorial Divisions. Necessarily so, for in view of the fact that they cover the entire city jurisdiction, all offences, petty or not, must occur in one or another of them. They naturally, therefore, are of primary importance, so far as police work is concerned. The strength of the force stationed in each varies according to the Division's importance, but otherwise eight of the ten are organized identically.

At the head of each of these is a Commissioner. Generally, though not always, he is assisted by an Inspector, who acts as second in command and is in the direct line of promotion to the rank of Commissioner. These Division commanders report to the Chief Commissioner who, in turn, is responsible to the Burgomaster, that is, the Mayor.

The present incumbent of this latter office, it may here be parenthetically stated, is no less a person than the famous Mayor Max, whose determined stand against the Germans, when Brussels was about to fall into their hands, will go down in future history, and which at present serves to render him almost an object of idolatry to his countrymen.

All of these eight Divisions are subdivided into districts known as "Quarters." Each of these Quarters is commanded by a Deputy Commissioner, with a Special Constable as his assistant. His duties are not unlike those of our own precinct sergeants, but he is, on the whole, a rather more important personage. His chief, the Deputy Commissioner, has outside duties unknown to our precinct commanders, and for this reason a greater measure both of work and of responsibility devolves entirely upon the Special Agent.

Agent-Inspector of Police, typical of the men of his rank throughout Belgium. The inspector is shown in regulation Winter uniform. (Below) A Belgian Constable of the Third Class, in his Summer service uniform.

Each Deputy Commissioner in turn must take his tour of "guard duty" at the Commissariat; that is, at Divisional Headquarters. There, from eight-thirty until one o'clock, or from one until eight-thirty, he sits listening to complaints made by any individual who sees fit to make one, and in questioning the witnesses who are brought to back those complaints. Also he takes appropriate action on reports of "contraventions" or crime

(*Continued on page* 68)

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"So you see, Chief, that's why I'm asking that you let Riley off easy. He was a buddy an' he surely did me a favor."

Leary—Pirate-Catcher

Soldier and Cop He Was Given a Tough Assignment But Made Good Single-Handed

By Guy Fowler

Illustrated by Leo Kóber

WHEN Jack Leary came home from France, top-sergeant of his outfit with three medals and a wound stripe, we naturally asked him to tell us about his big adventures. We being newspaper reporters, were particularly interested in Leary because he was one of the best policemen in the department.

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied, looking big and young and handsome in his trim uniform, "it rained nearly all the time."

He had a stock of good stories and rings for all of us made from brass shells, but when the subject got around to himself and how he won those medals we heard about the weather in France. Some of us knew all about that from experience.

So you may gather from that how lucky I was to get the real story when Leary, back on the police force in the plainclothes division, made the greatest catch of the year and nearly died twice on account of it. When he came in with his men, the newspaper boys got to him, of course.

"Why, I was lucky enough to get the gun on 'em, boys, that's all," was what he told us.

But the real story——

. . . . . .

"'Cap' Stacy remembered that I used to patrol a beat down on the water-front, so he gave me the job. It sounded like a fake trip, but the 'Cap' was pretty anxious and not passing any bets.

"'Leary,' he says, 'you remember before navigation closed, we had a gang of package freight thieves down at the docks. They got away with stuff by the truckload and we never could get 'em. Well, we have a tip here that a gang of cutthroats is wintering aboard the old *Columbia,* up near Couversdale. That's just a tank town a day's ride out.

"'I don't know how straight the hunch is. Maybe these birds aren't the ones we want at all. But you had better take a run up there and look 'em over. See if you can get a line on what they do. You know the ropes.'

"So I took the train that same day," Leary continued. He was lying on a hospital cot, mighty white and wasted looking. A constitution that had whipped fever and machine-gun wounds had rallied against pneumonia just as gamely. Leary isn't going to die in a bed, I imagine.

He grinned wanly. "Couversdale sure is a tank," he went on. "The natives were pretty curious, so I said I was up for some hunting and fishing through the ice . . . made out that I was from St. Paul. Nobody seemed to know much about what was going on aboard the *Columbia.* She's just an abandoned freighter, about half battered to wreckage. They knew that a caretaker lived out there and came in once a week on his ice-boat for supplies.

"She lay about a mile west of town and nearly as far out on the ice. I followed the beach Saturday morning until I got to a point nearly even with the *Columbia.* There was half a gale blowing and bitter cold. Pretty

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soon I saw a speck moving away from the *Columbia* and made out a sail.

"That would be the caretaker coming in for his grub. I had my fishing tackle along. I figured on getting out there and if nobody was aboard, all right. That's all there would be to it. If there was a gang there, I'd be a fool from town trying to freeze himself catching perch."

Leary rested for a moment, with an amused smile on his big, firm mouth. "It was the longest mile I ever walked, I'll swear it on the stand. You see, there were air holes and I had to detour around them. By the time I got out to the *Columbia*, I had walked at least seven miles and there wasn't a spot that the wind hadn't hit. And where that wind hit, it went through.

"Well, there was a homely mug staring at me from the starboard rail when I got there. I hello-ed him and asked if there was a chance to come aboard and get warmed up. He wasn't a bit hospitable.

" 'What th' hell yuh doin' out here?' was all the welcome I got. 'Follow th' ice-boat trail back,' he calls down. 'It'll take yuh right back t' town.'

"But I told him I was frozen and that was the truth, so he pointed to a rope ladder hanging over the side, all crusted with ice. I suspicioned this bird right away, of course, but I felt pretty safe. I didn't have my papers with me; no gun, nothing except my fishing stuff. So I climbed up and he led the way into the cabin.

"There were five others sitting in there playing cards. I gave 'em the quick once-over and didn't know a face. They looked me up and down, too, and nobody got up to give me a chair. They were as chilly as the wind outside. I tried to make conversation and asked about the fishing, but didn't get a rise out of 'em.

"Pretty soon the one they called 'Spike' got up and went out on deck. He motioned to the fellow who had let me aboard and he followed him. I don't need to be hit in the head to see trouble coming, so I got ready to leave. Just then, in came 'Spike' and the other fellow.

" 'Yuh better stick around a while——Leary,' says 'Spike.'

"That threw a scare into me all right. I tried to throw him off the track, but no luck.

" 'Nix,' he came back. 'Yuh used t' pound a beat in Chicago. I know yuh. Well, here's where yuh get yours.'

"There was only one play, so I tried it, but when I went at him, somebody in back clipped me with the butt-end of a gun. Next thing I knew, I came to on the floor, all trussed up like a beef. My head was thumpin' like a trip-hammer and there was an egg on the back of it.

" 'Yuh gave me a ride or two in the wagon in Chi,' says this 'Spike'. 'We aim t' give you a little ride now, Leary.'

"He motioned to the others and went out. They picked

(*Continued on page* 82)

"There was only one play, so I tried it, but when I went at him, somebody in back clipped me with the butt-end of a gun."

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Commissioner Enright congratulating Patrolman John J. Ward, at Police Headquarters in New York, on having shot and killed one outlaw, captured a second, and winged a third. At the left, Patrolman Ward after the Meuse-Argonne battle.

The Typical Case of a "Cop"

How Patrolman Ward, Who Killed a Bandit, Exemplifies the Courage, Efficiency and Marksmanship of the American Policeman

By Harold Bolce

IN this analysis or recapitulation of the killing in pistol combat of James Bopp, bandit, by Patrolman John J. Ward, of Brooklyn, New York, on the afternoon of February 2nd, there is, naturally no intent to disparage other kinds of courage. The police officer, who, on Seventh Avenue in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn, in the performance of duty, shot and killed one outlaw, captured a second and winged a third, was publicly commended by the court, honored by the Commissioner of Police, promoted in rank, and received merited praise in the press.

The story is retold here with two purposes in view: (1) to call attention to the case as typical of the contemporary courage and efficiency (including accurate marksmanship) of American patrolmen; and (2) to make plain what, it seems to me, is seldom realized, that the policeman as a soldier in the service of society fills a role that makes him unique among brave men either in or out of uniform.

In regard to the first intent of this summary, the following excerpts from an editorial in a New York daily of February 12 are pertinent:

"For the third time in two weeks a quick-acting New York policeman has put an effective end to a criminal career with a well-aimed pistol shot. Patrolman Louis Drago started the ball rolling by dropping a fleeing robber; Patrolman John J. Ward was Johnny-on-the-spot at a drug store hold-up; and then Patrolman Henry J. Olsen ended a gunman revolver party by killing one of the participants.

"Firearms have their place, and that is in the hands of officers of the law, whose business it is to use them. Their prompt and efficient employment at the right moment breeds in the ranks of the predatory a healthy respect for the law. . . . Shooting of the kind done by the three officers who have lately distinguished themselves is greatly to be commended. The more thieves and gunmen who are borne away feet first from the scenes

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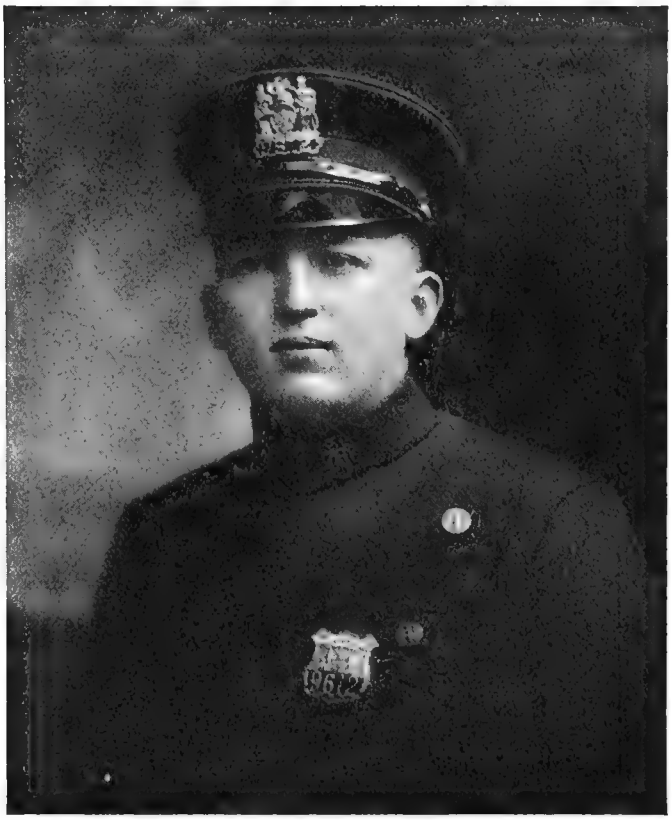
of their attempted exploits the better." All to the point.

The editorial concluded with the very accurate observation that enough of such unerring marksmanship on the part of the police will teach marauders that lawlessness is too dangerous a game for them to play.

Effective marksmanship, not only essential in the moment of shooting, acts as a deterrent, for the realization that the police will hit what they shoot at inspires among criminals what judges and juries cannot always command. There was an exodus of thieves and gunmen from a western town that had been under a "reign of terror" when a well-known shot, a bandit-catcher, was made Chief of Police. The criminals did not fear arrest. What stirred them to flight was the realization that in any serious conflict with the Law, they would never get to the Police Station and the court. The Black Maria might suggest a joy ride, but the morgue was sinister.

There is probably little doubt about the importance of good police marksmanship. In the case of Patrolman Ward his target practice showed a record 100 percent above the required test. In the army both in Mexico and France he had qualified as a rifle shot. Although gassed and wounded in the World War, he had kept himself fit through exercise, was and is an athlete, an alert man, quiet, modest, but unflinching, and in command of all his powers, so that in a grave emergency he was on the job.



All the circumstances in the case of Patrolman Ward emphasize the abiding truth that bravery is an American trait, and a priceless asset, not confined to any class or to any community.

The second point in this summary—that a policeman's bravery is essentially different from the soldier's or from that of the sailor or pioneer facing the menaces of the sea or frontier—is made clear when it is recalled that when Ward, the soldier with the Fourteenth Regiment in Mexico and later with the 165th Infantry in France went on duty, he knew that the fields and hills facing him were hostile. Death leered from the side of the enemy.

But when (as with 700,000 other patrolmen in America) Ward, the policeman, went on duty February 2nd, he moved, as usual, among a peaceful populace. Somewhere, interspersed among the millions of unarmed, law-abiding and friendly people, were criminals, but there was nothing in their dress or deportment, up to the moment of the commission of the crime, to point them out.

In fact, the modern bandit is frequently well-dressed. Readers of the accounts and students of the pictures of him in court are able to pick him out only by the X in the photograph.

As stated, the role of the policeman is thus unique. At any moment, in the midst of calm and friendliness, the criminal, safe-guarded by his similarity in appearance to every other citizen, lifts his hand in highwaymanship or homicide, or both, and the policeman, to be efficient, as Ward was, must be ready with courage and with quick and accurate aim.

In the early afternoon of the day of the killing of the bandit, Bopp, in Brooklyn, Patrolman Ward was asked if he knew this man had recently been discharged from Sing Sing and who was thought to be concerned in the murder, March 30th, of Martin Carlsen during the hold-up of his delicatessen store at 4223 Eighth Avenue, in the same Brooklyn neighborhood. Patrolman Ward replied that he did not. He was told to be on the lookout for him and if the suspected man did appear in one of his former haunts to bring him to headquarters to be questioned.

To that extent Patrolman Ward was prepared, but it was, at best, meagre forewarning of a bandit he had not seen and who, in fact when he did make his entry into the final scene, appeared as a seemingly ordinary customer in a drug-store.

As a matter of truth, Patrolman Ward was taken unawares. He was not called in but had on his own accord entered the drug-store kept by Albert Glass, at 6024 Seventh Avenue. It was about 6:30 p. m. during his half-hour for supper off the beat. He had not felt in the best of health that day, due to an old wound, and had passed behind the prescription partition in this drug-store, where he is known. So quiet and well-staged was the hold-up that Patrolman Ward did not know it was taking place.

His first consciousness of danger was to find a gun leveled at him as he emerged from the prescription room. The gun was in the hand of Bopp, who had been assigned to see that no one came from the rear while the robbery was taking place.

Simultaneously came two commands. One was, "Back the customers into the telephone booths"; the other was: "Kill the cop first." Ward had little time to plan, but his instinct served him well. Instead of surrendering, as commanded, he leaped behind the partition and with his club smashed a window in a cubicle. His strategy was, if possible, to get out to come upon the bandits from the rear.

Two things happened from the shattering of the glass. The first was to reveal a waiting taxi, and a bandit reaching to get in. This man, who escaped, Ward shot in the arm. It was this shot, which, glancing, also wounded

(*Continued on page* 63)

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Those Fatal Fingerprints

The Story of a Detective Who Fastened a Murder on the Right Man By Merely Referring to His Finger Impressions

By H. M. Hamilton

WHEN Jimmy Phillips of the *Globe-Courant* entered the office which bore on its frosted pane the words: "E. Harriman Baxter—Investigations," he discovered his friend Ed Baxter smoking, with both feet on the edge of his desk. Jimmy grinned, as Baxter glanced up lazily.

"Eminent detective hard at work?" suggested Jimmy.

Ed nodded. "I am," he said, gravely.

"Tell that to Sweeney!" said Jimmy flippantly. "I wish I could make a living as easily as you do. *I* have to hustle: I've just covered the Bolt murder. I don't suppose you have even heard about it, you sluggard! Judson Bolt was found dead an hour ago in his own library—shot through the heart!"

"I know about it," observed Baxter, reflectively. "I'm on that case."

Jimmy stared incredulously. "You are? Well, you seem to be taking it calmly enough. Have you been over there?"

Baxter shook his head. "Not yet. I've taken what steps are necessary, though. I'll attend to it, later, after I've thought it out."

Jimmy stirred impatiently. "You detectives make me tired!" he broke out at last. "You take your profession so darned seriously! Half the job of a good detective seems to me to consist of looking wise and trying to make people think you know something. It's the same trick the doctors and the lawyers try to pull off, only more aggravating! You want me to think you've got a solution up your sleeve, whether you have or not!"

"Maybe," remarked Baxter, looking at his cigar-end, "the reason we—the doctors and lawyers and detectives—look wise is because we *are* wise. We know how to go about our business; other people only guess at what we are doing."

"Anyhow, I can tell you one thing," said Jimmy heatedly. "You'll never solve a murder mystery in a desk-chair."

"Perhaps not. And again, perhaps yes. I've never solved anything by running around excitedly and talking about what I intended to do. But suppose you tell me, Jimmy, what you think about Judson Bolt's murder? You were there; what did you find out about it?"

Jimmy's face fell; he looked suddenly crestfallen. "Not very much," he confessed. "But it wasn't my fault; they wouldn't let me into the room. They had the door sealed, and a guard outside."

Baxter smiled. "My orders," he observed. "I told them to lock things up as soon as the doctor had made his examination."

"You did?" Phillips glared. "That's part of your confounded system of secrecy. Don't you think a thing like this ought to be given publicity? Judson Bolt was a rich man and one of Westville's leading citizens. It's all very well for you to say it's *your* case. But you don't know it all, Ed: other people beside you have brains, though maybe you won't admit it. I think a thing like this ought to be worked out in the open and above-board, not behind a veil. Why won't you let people into that room?"

"I'll tell you," said Baxter after a pause. "That room contains all the evidence there is. It may be very little, practically none at all. But what there is, is there. And so long as the room remains as it is, the evidence will stay there. Every chair, every article in that room is a silent witness. But, if I allowed people to do as they pleased with it, how long do you think that evidence would remain? Not three minutes." He threw away his cigar-butt. "I'm going over there now. Want to go along?"

There was a little knot of curious people in front of Judson Bolt's big house in Prince Street. They nudged one another as the detective, with the reporter at his heels, mounted the steps. In the hall stood a policeman, and with him a bearded man with eyeglasses.

"Ah, Doctor Wingo!" said Baxter. "You've made your autopsy, I presume?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "The body has been removed."

"Nothing in the room has been touched, I hope?"

"Nothing at all. Your instructions have been followed to the letter."

"Will you please tell me the results of your inquiry?" asked Baxter.

"I found the body of Judson Bolt, dressed in evening clothes, on the floor beside the library-table. He had been dead, I should say, since early yesterday evening; certainly not later than ten o'clock. The cause of death was a bullet from a 32-calibre revolver fired from very close range, obviously, since his shirt-front is charred. The bullet went through his heart. I extracted it. Here it is!"

"No possibility of suicide, I suppose?"

"No—not the slightest. He could not have fired the pistol himself; the direction of the bullet proved that. Besides, the weapon has not been found."

"Who discovered the body?" demanded Baxter.

"His colored servant. Here, Alexander!" to an aged

(*Continued on page* 50)

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EDITORIALS

"Words Without Knowledge"

ADMITTEDLY human knowledge is subject to revision from time to time, and now and again cherished beliefs that have masqueraded as facts through many years are found to be anything but indissoluble facts. The cautious man, however, usually demands more than a mere statement of conviction, or something a little stronger than two or three isolated instances of difference to make him toss lightly overboard a useful scientific servant. All of which is preliminary to comment upon the recent effort of John Nicholas Beffel to dismiss as of no account the fingerprint system so generally in use as a means of criminal identification.

In a contemporary publication Mr. Beffel labors long to show that the identification of criminals by fingerprints is dangerous and unsound. Unfortunately for his case he substitutes asseveration for proof, charges for evidence and hyperbole for direction. The mere statement that in the case of a Philadelphia gentleman the fingerprints of his son showed a remarkable similarity to his own falls somewhat short of an indictment. The statement that the Bertillons in Paris *once* found thirty points of resemblance between the fingerprints of twin brothers is hardly enough to destroy the counter evidence that has accumulated through the forty years that have elapsed since Francis Galton devised the system of classification now in use. With a sneer at the statements of Galton and Balthazard that the chances for duplication of any single fingerprint are so minute that they may be disregarded entirely, Mr. Beffel merely offers in rebuttal that if you want to believe such statements you can.

His great point is that it is possible to forge fingerprints. Possibly so, but what of it? It is also possible to forge signatures, or physiognomy—if we are to place credence in the claims of the plastic surgeons. Voices, too, may be counterfeited as may money, but is that sufficient reason to abandon the coinage of currency, eliminate the handwriting as an evidence of genuineness on checks, or to doubt the recognition of friends? Mr. Beffel details at great length the experiments and "discoveries" of one Albert Wehde, a Chicago jewelry engraver and photographer, who, Mr. Beffel naïvely states, was an inmate of the Federal prison at Leavenworth at the time he lighted upon his discovery.

Mr. Beffel described this remarkable discovery of the former prisoner, Wehde, by the statement that it is the usual and familiar photo-engraving process. Then he shows that it may be possible to transfer a fingerprint impression to another locale by using the counterfeit finger. It all sounds very plausible, but just why this should be regarded as indicating the fallacy of fingerprint identification is not quite clear. Had he gone a little further and coupled to the photo-engraving process the methods of the rubber-stamp makers doubtless a still more perfect system of counterfeiting might have been developed. One may be pardoned for taking *cum granum salis* the transmitted assertion of the erudite graduate of Leavenworth that "he (Wehde) saw a visiting police officer attempt to 'doctor' a photograph of a finger impression later offered as evidence in a trial for train robbery in which a large reward figured." And then Mr. Beffel casts further glory around the veracious aura of his star witness by reciting his participation in the reply to a letter of William J. Burns to the Leavenworth authorities asking if it might be possible to forge fingerprints. According to Mr. Beffel this is what occurred:

"Harrison George, a political prisoner and secretary to the chief prison expert, came to Wehde with this letter and asked what he should write in answer. 'Tell him we can do it to defy detection', said Wehde . . . 'But the agent wants me to write a negative answer', George explained. So Wehde and George formulated a letter in which Burns was assured that the forging of fingerprints was beyond possibility."

It is hardly necessary to go further in buttressing the credibility of a star witness. And then Mr. Beffel takes one of the usual gentle pokes at the peace authorities of whatever situation. "Any newspaper man of experience knows," he says, "that the overmastering desire of the police in all our big cities is to convict, and that almost always their assumption is that every prisoner is guilty. . . . For years it has been the practice of the police all over the United States to register the fingerprints of every person arrested, and to retain the prints even when the accused is exonerated." And that, whether Mr. Beffel is conscious of it or not, is a flat mis-statement. As Mr. Beffel throws wide his accusatory doors in the expression "Any newspaper man of experience", the writer falls into that category, and claims the further distinction of having obtained a large and satisfactory part of his experience in connection with the reporting of police news, which may possibly act as a qualification for witnessing in rebuttal to Mr. Beffel.

The policemen of America's big cities are no more inhuman or untrustworthy than any other body of men. They have no greater desire to inflict injury upon their fellows than bankers or authors or bricklayers. On the contrary, there is ample evidence of instances—and more than two or three, for Mr. Beffel's information—where the police have gone a long distance out of their way to help a prisoner establish his innocence, and within a span of but a few weeks' observation in the New York courts has revealed several cases where the public prosecutor fulfilled his human duty by aiding an indicted prisoner.

And as an illuminating peroration to his absurd rigamarole of unsupported attack, Mr. Beffel says:

"Such men are all eager advocates of fingerprints and loudly insist that they are infallible. The Wehde discovery shows how infallible they really are—and how tantalizingly they tempt the police to help justice by artful devices when actual evidence is scanty or lacking."

Summing up Mr. Beffel's evidence one is compelled to the statement that there is none. Two instances of possibility of duplication, the declaration of a former convict of his participation in a deceit, and an iteration of a process that is about as novel as a newspaper halftone. There is but one proper comment on Mr. Beffel and his lucubrations, and that is "Piffle!"

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The most picturesque policemen in the world are, undoubtedly, those of Bagdad, Syria. These officers of the law wear their stars, the universal badge of authority, on the front of their turban-caps, not having any coat breasts or lapels on which to hang them. This group shows the entire native police force of Bagdad on review.

The Decaying Drama

SINCE the beginning of the present theatrical season in New York indecent plays have very nearly dominated the boards. Because the producing-managers thought they were "getting away with it" they became bolder and bolder in their presentations of obscene dramas. Inspired by the crowds of libidinous and morbid-minded patrons a few of the managers went the limit. The newspapers made a great outcry when one of the lady "stars" in a new production refused to read the "lines" assigned to her because they were downright indecent. With a gesture of horrified astonishment one manager raised his hands to heaven and declared himself innocent of any evil intent and offered to co-operate with the Police Department and the District Attorney in deleting certain offensive passages in the play in which he was financially interested. He was ordered to close up his dirty show. But in the interim the open-mouthed sensation-lovers swarmed around the box-office. The cynical contended that New York preferred immoral productions to those that are chaste and wholesome.

But the truth is that in a cosmopolitan city like New York there are enough low-minded persons to support, for a time, any species of drama with a bestial bent. That clean plays flourish and endure, there is evidence in plenty.

And what conclusion are we to draw from these facts? Just this: That the major portion of theatre-goers want plays that do not reek of the gutter, or that call for fumigation and deodorizing; they prefer plays that provoke the ready laugh and the honest thrill. Profanity, obscenity, suggestiveness, the sneer at marital fidelity and the snicker at womanly virtues and masculine probity, are not the stuff of which real plays are made, and, in New York at last, the gamut of shocking language and indecent situations on the stage have been pushed so far as to lose their force with audiences above the intellectual standard of a garbage-handler. That there is a public ready to "eat up" theatrical indecencies no one will deny and it is this part of the huge New York population which will, with the connivance of dollar-lusting managers, eventually bring the stage into a state of disrepute that will strangle it forever, censorship or not. The vogue of the motion-picture and the radio, plus the short-sightedness of play-producers, have already woven a shroud for the American drama. Add to this the stench of foully constructed plays and the approaching fate of "the legitimate drama" is not difficult to guess.

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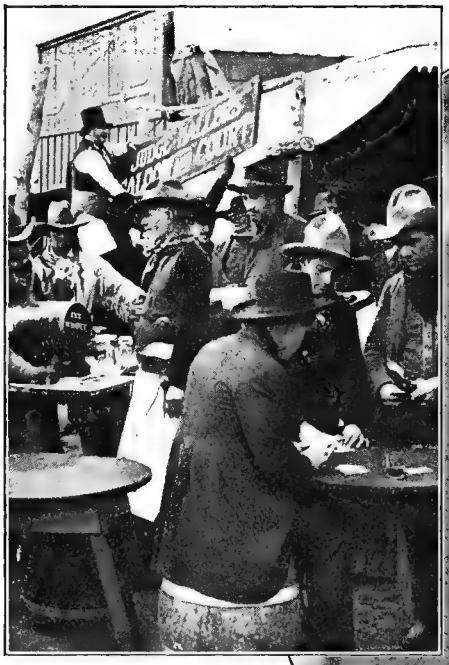
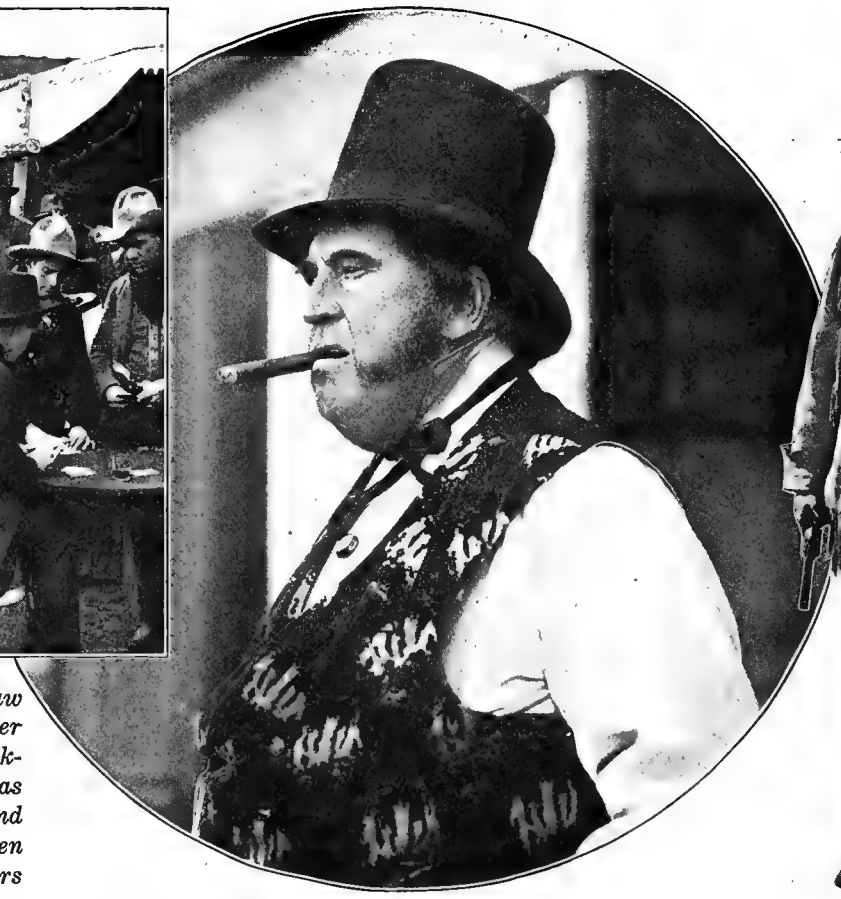


To help stir up the law business Judge Haller carried with him a knock-down saloon, which was both a bar of liquor and a bar of justice. When the railroad builders moved on, the saloon moved with them.



Judge Haller was a true example of "The No-Waistline Effect". He was nearly all waist. His vest looked like a game of Mah Jong.

A grand sight was Bill Hicock. His Chief was Abe Lincoln who pinned a badge on his waistcoat.

Divorce?—Ten Seconds—$10

Paris? No, Right Here in Our Good Old United States, When Men Were Men and Women Were Their Wives

By Herbert Ernest Hancock

THEY call this the age of speed.

What do you want in a hurry?

Hair cut, shave, shampoo, manicure, massage, tonic, shine, and free expert advice from the barber on how Congress is laying down on the job, all done inside of an hour for the small sum of——?

And the ladies!

Looking old?

Right around the corner is Dr. Ponce de Leon who, in twenty minutes will life up that sagging face so far that when you have a tummy-ache you'll think you have a sore throat.

But!—should Papa come home some early morn with a lip-stick impression on his cheek, and careful analysis shows the pigment to be of manufacture foreign to that used by his own Ball-and-Chain, or—

Should Wifie suddenly disappear with the bank-book, and the flivver and the patent-leather-haired jazz-hound, leaving behind a note saying: "When you walked out somebody else walked in,"—

Then what happens ?

In either case it's a dash to the office of Grabbem, Soakum, and Doem, with loud cries for divorce with *speed.*

Do you not get it?

You do not.

By the time the divorce is ready to be granted both parties to the embrolio have forgotten each others first names, and have to be introduced; and the lawyers have raked in so much dough that they dream of hiring Henry Ford for a chauffeur.

But back in the good old days of Law and Order, in the roaring Fifties and Sixties, in the wide open spaces when men were men and women were their wives, was

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there any such delay and nonsense and cluttering up?

Nossir!

Nossirree!

Then a cop was a cop,
And a Judge a Judge,
And nobody said them "Nay,"
Or if they did,
They "Nayed" only once—
(And were reverently laid away).

We are speaking of the days before Twentieth Centuries, aeroplanes, bobbed hair, rubber corsets and radios. At that time the air was free. One could take a deep breath without being afraid of inhaling the latest broadcasting program of Station X.Y.Z.

The police force of "the wide open spaces" consisted of "Wild Bill" Hickok, "Buffalo Bill" Cody, "Bat" Masterson, friendly Pawnee Indians, and scattered army troopers. None of these "Cops" had any particular "beat." If they wanted to stay up all night or sleep late in the morning it was up to them. There was no need for traffic regulations. Traffic was all one way—whichever way you were going.

A grand sight was old Bill Hickok in those days. His chief was Abe Lincoln who pinned a badge on his shirt, and told him to let his conscience be his guide. So it was with Buffalo Bill until the circus came along and made him famous. Of course you saw them both in the William Fox picture "The Iron Horse," so there isn't any need of further describing them.

But to get back to where we started. The divorce question in those days. Perhaps the fastest moving judge the world ever saw was old Judge Haller, who seemed to work wherever he pleased. When he heard of a gold rush, or a strike, or a mining convention, there he would go.

"Do you want a judge?" he would ask the leading citizens, and if they did he would be duly appointed in about five minutes, and five minutes later he was on the job.

In the motion picture mentioned the old boy's career is taken up at the time when the trans-continental railroad was being built. The Central Pacific was pushing its way east, and the United Pacific was heading west. Both railroads had hundreds of Greasers, Italians, Chinese, and German laborers, and all the gang foremen were Irish. It's hardly necessary after telling you that to say there was trouble. So Judge Haller went there.

He couldn't be with both railroads so he picked the Union Pacific Railroad which employed more Irish than the Central Pacific, because he figured business would be better. And he was right.

Judge Haller was a hardy soul with an atrophied conscience and a firm determination to make money—lots of it.

To help stir up the law business he carried with him a knock-down saloon, which was a bar of liquor or a bar of justice as the case might be. When the railroad builders moved along, he also moved the saloon. His rates were as follows and the schedules were adamant.

Immediately the deputies would spring up and point their "gats" at the crowd. "Order", hollers the Judge, "this bar of liquor is now a bar of justice!" Then, as the gal and the galoot, who isn't hurt much, are arraigned, he hears the case.

Crudely as it was done, a marriage remained tied as tightly as it is today. Wayward hubbies were rare, but if one did stray from the domestic lock and key, an appeal for help from the distressed wife to her friends was all that was necessary.

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Light

versus

Crime

STATISTICS, and there is no better authority, have proven that crime is more prevalent in the poorly lighted districts of the large American cities.

HOME, business and human life are endangered by inadequate lighting in any metropolis and city authorities recognize that fact.

A CITY official of one of the leading American cities is authority for the statement that the number of crimes committed in at least one district of his city during the past year was reduced one-half by the addition of more lighting facilities.

PARTICULARLY are the police cognizant of the great assistance rendered them by better lighting.

Queens Borough Gas and Electric Company

1530 Far Rockaway Blvd., Far Rockaway, N. Y.
Atlantic Avenue, Lynbrook, Long Island.

You can see for yourself the sweet reasonableness of these charges:

Case	*Fee or Fine*
Simple assault	Drinks for the crowd
Felonious assault	Ten dollars, and drinks
Marriage	Five dollars
Divorce	Ten dollars

Murder or theft were generally taken out of his hands by "Judge Lynch," his only rival.

The Judge himself was an exact example of "The-No-Waistline-Effect." He was nearly all waist. For sartorial effects he had Hart, Shaffner and Marx backed off the boards. On the top was a stovepipe hat that looked like the chimney of our little gray home in the west. He seldom wore a coat, but displayed a vest with passementeries that looked like a game of Mah Jong. He always wore checkered trousers which, when walking down the street, made his rear expanse appear like a gigantic cross-word puzzle.

There he sat behind the bar perched on a high chair dispensing law and liquor. Law was contained in a big book labelled "Revised Statutes" of something or other. The gamblers in the place were his deputies, each one having at his hand a sawed-off shot gun always loaded for "b-ar."

In the picture we see a typical scene. A galoot with more dough than gray matter loses the first which inflames the latter. A "gal" (they were all "gals" then) in the place twits him about it. He empties a glass of whiskey into her face. Today, in these arid times she probably would have thanked him, but instead she shoots him in the shoulder.

Immediately the deputies spring up and point their "gats" at the crowd.

"Order," hollers the Judge, "this bar of liquor is now a bar of justice!"

Then, as the gal and the galoot, who isn't hurt much, are arraigned, he hears the case.

"She was laffin at me for losing at cards," says the galoot.

"The skunk threw whiskey at me," says the gal.

"Did you know when you threw the whiskey that she had a gun?" asks the high-hatted Solomon.

"Yes."

"Then we'll dismiss the charge against the lady, and charge you with attempting suicide," says His Honor. "The fine is a round of drinks on you for the house."

Which in those days meant about three dollars, but in these days would be—oh, well, we never were any good at figures over one hundred.

Then the marriages. Up would step a love-sick swain hiding behind a month's growth of alfalfa, begging for a life of trial and tribulation with an animated calico dress at his side.

"Do you take him?" asks the Court of the Calico Dress.

"Yep."

"Do you take her?"

"Yep."

"All right, yer hitched, and may the Lord have mercy on ye. Five dollars. Pay the bartender."

Then perhaps three weeks later the same pair would troop in.

"Judge," says Calico Dress, "we want a divorce."

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"What! I only married you a couple of weeks ago. It ain't decent."

But the bride and bridegroom are obdurate. So on goes the divorce ceremony.

"Hold hands," roars the Judge. They so do.

"Now break and separate." They walk a few feet apart.

"You don't want him no more?" to Calico.

"Nope."

"An' you don't want her?"

"Nope."

"Divorced, and better luck next time. Ten dollars to the barkeep."

Ten seconds! Ten dollars! Shades of Nat Goodwin! Oh, Reno and Paris where art thy laurels?

Now friend Reader don't go away thinking that this was not all legal and circumspect. Oh my, yes! Not only were records kept, but all ceremonies were duly witnesssed and attested. Where the records went nobody ever inquired, and nobody seemed to know except the Judge, who was never asked.

But, crudely as it was done, a marriage remained tied as tightly as it is today. Wayward hubbies were rare, but if one did stray from the domestic lock and key an appeal for help from the distressed wife to her cowboy friends was all that was needed. They didn't have to shake a noosed rope in hubby's face more than once to have him recapitulate.

Yes, sir. That was law and order and justice in "The Good Old Days." Don't you wish we could have them back? I don't.

The Voice in the Traffic

(*Continued from page* 25)

to his work. My father was a patrolman. I feel as a daughter to the old men and sister to the young ones of the force."

He bowed as he led her to a seat in the box. "Father, Mr. Gordon and I have discovered that we have the same address. We happen to live in the same house."

"Poor young things. It's only your calling it a studio building that saves it from being a rookery. When we sold the old home daughter took a studio"—a grimace accompanied the word—"and I put up at a downtown hotel until the house on Long Island is finished. That will be this week. We'd like you to come down to dinner, wouldn't we, daughter? Are you on day duty? What is your day off. Thursday? Fine! Then the first Thursday after we have moved, my daughter will let you know, won't you, sweetheart?"

A voice like soft bells telephoned him "We move today. We will be nearly enough settled by Thursday. Will you take pot-luck with us? An informal little housewarming?"

A heart-warming it was for Frank Gordon. Two or three relatives scrutinized kindly the young man who had been Carmela's neighbor. Their eyes signalled approval of the shy youth with the shining hair.

The Commissioner's secretary was promoted to a promised captaincy in the autumn. Frank Gordon was appointed to fill the vacancy.

I am sure you are clever. Then you can fill in the picture. Yes, it is one of a downtown church wedding, a brown-eyed bride and a wide-shouldered, sunny-haired bridegroom. And a big commissioner's eyes were wet because he had just given his "sweetheart" to another.

In the sheltered hollows of the hills, down at the edge of the alder swamp, the pussy willows have begun to lift their fuzzy heads, and their branches shimmer golden in the first spring sun.

Winter is on the run and fine weather's close at hand. Nothing like a breath of new life to forget the dull winter's care. Tune up and take the first road out of town. With Socony in your tanks, you can go wherever you will, safely there and back again.

There's health in the daily ride.

Remember that SOCONY *is "Standard"*

STANDARD OIL CO. OF NEW YORK

26 Broadway

SOCONY Gasoline & Motor Oil

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Motor Power Gasoline

As the seal is emblematic for the highest in skins, so Red Seal is symbolic of the best in motor power gasoline.

Look for the Seal of Quality

RED SEAL REFINING CORP.

40 Rector Street

New York

The Yellow Lady

(*Continued from page* 20)

tance by the things you see about you; the little marks of their—involuntary esteem. A woman needs so many trifles. They're very expensive playthings, women. Even wives, Boy!" She tried to smile but failed miserably.

"Stop!" he cried. "I won't hear any more of it. It's awful to hear you say such things! I don't believe it, anyway. You're not that kind. Anyone would know that. Perhaps I am a boy, as you call me, but there are some things I know. A woman's eyes speak truly—loudly and clear, but most women don't know that. They can't understand how it is that any man can look into a woman's eyes and—know her kind. It doesn't go with your sex, dear, but a man can see, when he wants to look. It's a mark—no, don't cover your face, for it isn't there!"

She had turned away with handkerchief lifted to her eyes, and now he crossed the room to her, trying to pull it away. When he succeeded in making her look at him there were tears dimming her eyes, but she was smiling through them at him. And as she looked she saw that he had come face to face with his manhood for the first time, and that he would never be a boy again. The young, careless days had vanished forever, and here he stood erect, very young, but a man. She felt that she would not be able always to resist him, for she saw that he was strong, and he wanted her. And to herself she confessed that she wanted him—oh, so badly. He held her hands until the rings cut into her fingers, but the pain seemed not to hurt her.

"You must listen to me, Boy," she said. "All this makes no difference. No matter what you can see, the world does not and will not see. Neither you nor I can ever battle against the world. It believes what it will, be it good or bad. Sometimes one can fling defiance in its face, and gibe, and now and again the sheer audacity of the gesture will make it cringe to him, but a man can never do it for a woman, nor can any woman long rise above the world's estimate of her. Be she good or bad, she suffers, not for what she is but for what the world thinks she is."

He shook his head but she went on.

"I must never marry you, for your sake," she said. "You could never pull me up, but I would surely pull you down. You see, there is a man, and he pays for all this." She swept her hand around the apartment, at the bronzes, the tapestries, the velvet carpets and the rest. "He has bought them and paid for them, and with them he has bought me—no, not as the world thinks. It has never come to that, and it never will, but he has bought my society and he brings his friends here to dine, and I entertain them, play to them, sing to them, act the hostess, and I listen to their senile chatter, and their foolish, witless jokes, and smile and pretend. Eventually he will pay for that with cash, as others before him have paid, but he does not know that yet. Last night a police inspector visited me. Oh, yes, they know me, the police. I think they even have my portrait. There is nothing they can do. They know that, and this man, this inspector, was very charming. He just called to look me over, he said, and to warn me that some day perhaps I would go further than I should, and he would be very sorry then.

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A friendly warning, you see, but your wife would be known to the police.

"This man—who pays—is nothing to me. I swear that to you. Not that he hasn't wished—but I am stronger than I look. Boy, the men who come here have called me—The Yellow Lady!"

She watched to see if he would shrink from her, for she knew she was discussed in every club in town, and she knew sufficient of men to realize the things that must have been said. He dropped her hands and turned away.

"You see!" she cried. "Now you know and it wounds you! You understand. Ah, I knew how it must end, and that is why I have tried to fight it off, this revelation, for it hurts me to know that you must despise me, that you are already repenting of your mistake."

She paused but he did not move and she could make nothing from his silence and his attitude.

"As God is my judge, there is nothing against me but what I have told you!" she went on fiercely. "I'm a part of his furnishings, here, and I play my part and it sickens me to the core of my soul, but beyond that there is nothing save that eventually he will pay!"

The last words were flung out wildly, and without turning the boy recognized the strain in her. Still he did not reply and she sank down sobbing upon the silken sofa. He was thinking, swiftly, savagely. He loved her. With every fibre of his being, he loved her, and he felt it would tear him apart should he lose her now. After all, what was there to cavil at? The captious might call her a crook at heart, but so were many men and women, for that matter. Why should he not marry her? Fools, cruel fools would talk. Well, let them. Swiftly he turned to her and, sitting beside her, lifted her in an embrace. She strove to put him from her but he would not suffer that.

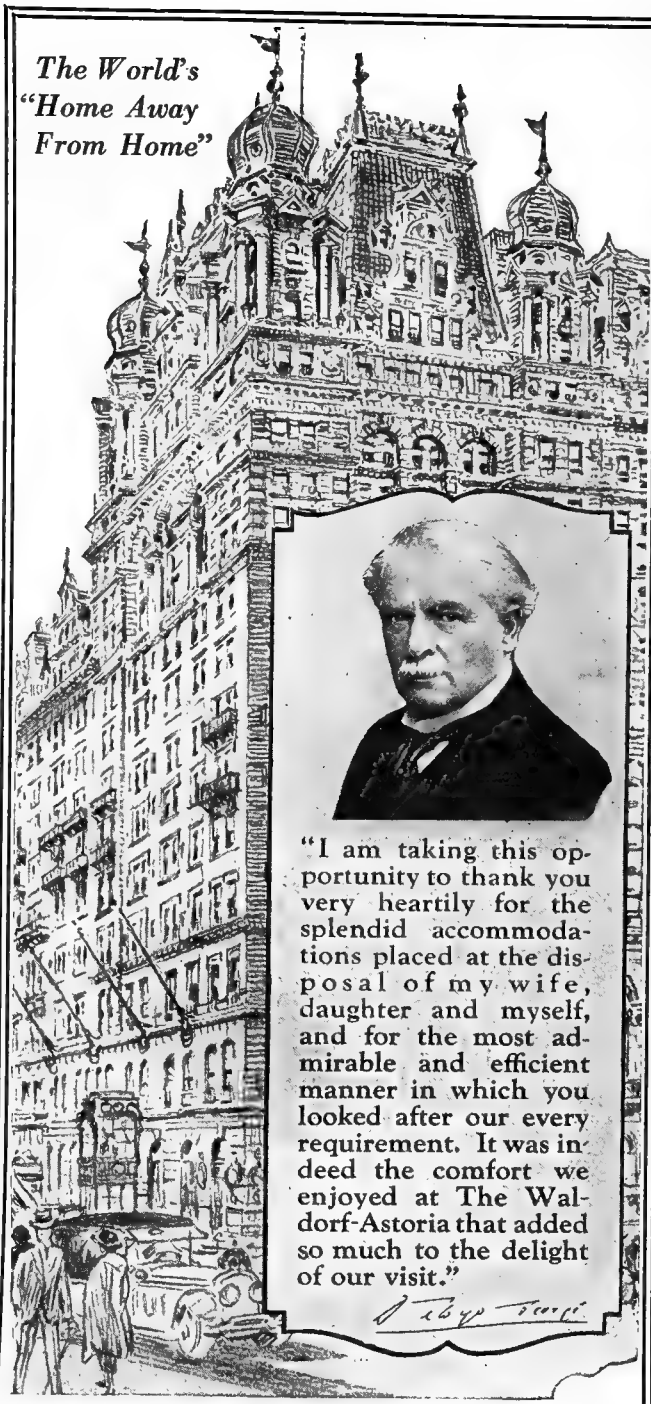
"You have told me," he said. "It makes no difference. I have known since yesterday that men called you The Yellow Lady. Something was said, and I recognized the portrait, and I knew they lied, for they always lie about women. I know you, and what you have told me is strange, but it makes no difference. You are just you, and nothing can change that. What if some fools have chatted with you and drunk another man's wine at your table? That has not harmed you, and I know you are what you should be. In five years or so those old men will be gone. In five years we shall have just commenced to live. So we will be married and go away somewhere—Argentina, perhaps, where I have an offer, and we will live there for each other."

She struggled free from him and rose to her feet. Looking down she knew she had reached the limit of her resistance, and she wanted him.

"I have a feeling," she said at last, "that I was not made for happiness. Something will come between us. I cannot tell you how or when, but it will come—marching on to take you from me. I am glad you want me even after what I have told you, knowing what there is to know, but I know that it is not for me."

"Why should you say such things?" he protested, seizing her in his arms.

"I don't know," she replied sadly. "I think I have felt that from the first and have fought against it. I cannot promise to marry you, because that can never be. When I was a child I used to dream of a swiftly moving cloud that came up from somewhere and advanced rushing upon me, faster and faster, until it filled all space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and was about to enwrap me in its dark folds, and I used to awake screaming with the terror of it. I feel that cloud now, dear. It sounds silly, I know, but it is there and one cannot help those things. Sometimes I feel that our thoughts are the only real parts of us, and the dream more firm than the waking."

The door opened gently and a white capped maid entered.

"Madame," she said, "a gentleman has called to see you."

"A gentleman?" repeated the girl.

The maid dropped her eyes, and the boy looked quickly at his companion. Instinctively he knew it was the man she had spoken of, and his face grew hard. He stepped quickly forward as she shook her head at the maid.

"Send for him, now," he said. "Tell him you have finished. That there is no longer—" He paused.

She started forward as if to do his bidding impulsively when quick steps sounded in the hall. The door was thrown open and a man entered. Tall, elderly, aristocrat, he paused, astonished. His eyes turned to the youth.

"Harry!" he gasped, his face paling in the strong light of the setting sun that streamed through the windows.

The boy staggered, shocked.

"Father!" he cried, and the woman stood with a look of horror frozen on her face. It was the cloud.

"I knew it!" she gasped. "I knew it!"

"What are you doing here?" the older man demanded, clutching at his collar.

"He is calling, my friend," replied the woman before the boy could speak. "Your son is here because he wishes me to become his wife." There was a cold, metallic quality in her tones, and the words seemed to come from far back in her throat. "I have told him it is, of course, a great compliment, but also that I feared it could never be. That was before I knew he was—your son."

She leaned suddenly against the mantel. Both men stared at her.

"Oh! Why don't you say something?" she cried out. "Why don't you congratulate your son on his choice? Don't you think it would be highly appropriate for him to marry The Yellow Lady? Think of the sensation of it among your friends!" She began to laugh hysterically. "God in Heaven! It wanted only this! It wanted only this!" And she began to sob convulsively.

The older man turned his eyes from her to his son and they rested there against his will.

"She told me a man was paying for this," the youth said in a hard voice. "Told me someone was paying her bills here, and that in return she entertained him and his friends. She called them coarse, senile, sensual —and the rest of it." He looked about him like a wounded animal in pain, and his eyes came back to his father's leaden face. "You were the man!" he repeated slowly. "And I wanted to marry her; to take her away from this; to bring her home to you! I told her you were a—fine—old—dad!" He spoke the words in a shocked, hesitating voice. "I was going to take her away with me. We were to be happy by ourselves, and then—you walked in that door!"

The other was about to speak, but the boy stopped him.

"My mother chose you for her husband, and so there

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must have been good in you," he said chokingly. "I have always loved you and respected you, but," and his passion flamed suddenly forth, "—I don't know. You've robbed me of the one thing I've wanted most in life."

He turned quickly to the woman and took her in his arms. The father did not move, but he regarded his son steadily, though with slightly narrowed eyes. The younger man held the woman close to him.

"Nothing is really changed," he said. "Let us go on as if this had never been."

"You know it can never be the same," she replied. "You must be brave and forget our poor little story. If only you had told me your name, of course, I would have known, but neither of us thought of that. Now it is at an end."

The Boy broke in fiercely.

"It isn't ended!" he cried. He turned to his father. "I mean it," he went on. "I'm going to marry her this very day, and the world can go to the devil."

The other man shook his head.

"It won't work, Harry," he said quietly. "You see, I married her last night myself."

. . . . . .

The Inspector paused when the somewhat odd climax to his story came. He was crumpling bits of bread between his fingers.

"Well," he said finally. "That was the way it worked out. And she made good. The old man really loved her, and I'm sure she's fond of him. All that is nearly ten years ago, and she came back if ever a human did. She's on the square and I think is reasonably happy."

"What became of the son?" asked Hawkins.

"Two years after, he married a mighty nice girl and when the war broke out he went in with the British. He was killed in the first battle at Ypres, I think. His widow lives with her father-in-law. Some day, perhaps she'll marry again." He paused, thinking, evidently. Then he reached down into his breast pocket, took out a leather wallet and from this picked a small photograph. He gazed at it a moment or two, then slowly tore up the picture and dropped the pieces in the dregs of his coffee cup. One piece turned upwards. It showed a crown of light hair above a broad white forehead.

"She made good one hundred percent. If ever there was a come-back, Hawkins, that was a case," he said.

"How long since you've seen her?" asked Hawkins. "Do you know if she's still playing the game?"

"I've seen her very recently," smiled the Inspector, with his eyes on the group at the other table. "She and the boy's widow and the old man travel about a lot together. I've seen them—just a—oh, just a bit ago."

Hawkins picked up the check.

"I'll take your word, Gregory," he said. "That's always been good enough for me. Here's your check. But, I'd like to see this Yellow Lady of yours."

"Keep your eyes open, Hawkins," smiled the Inspector. "Keep your eyes open, my boy. She's not so hard to see—if you know where to look. That's just one of the cases of come-back that the police helped along. I could tell you a hundred others. Good night."

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Those Fatal Fingerprints

(*Continued from page* 39)

negro who had appeared in the hall. "Tell Mr. Baxter what you know about your master's death."

"Don't know nothin', sah!" said the servant excitedly. "I seen him las' night about eight o'clock, goin' into that room. He says to me: 'I ain't gwine need you no mo' to-night, Aleck! You kin go home.' 'Bleeged to you, sah,' I says. Then I goes home. Then when I kem back this mo'nin' to get his breakfus' fo' him, I fin' him on the flo', daid! Yassuh: that's all I know. I telephomed—and the docto' kem. I ain't touched nothin'—no sah! I was skeered to."

"That will do, Aleck," said Baxter. "Let's go in, Jimmy."

They unlocked the library-door and entered. It was a spacious room, dimly lighted. In the middle stood a large, highly-polished mahogany table. One chair, at the further side of the table, was overturned. Beside it, on the costly rug, was a red stain, obviously blood. The reporter waited at the door; Baxter moved cautiously about the room, observing, but touching nothing. He took a reading-glass from his pocket and examined the table carefully. Finally he returned to the door. A second police-officer had joined the first.

"Captain O'Ryan," said the detective. "You'll please keep this door locked—and allow no one—no one at all—in the room."

The Captain stiffened. "I suppose you have good reasons, Mr. Baxter? For my part, I'm frank to say I'd like some of my own men to examine the place. A dozen heads are better than one—that's *my* opinion."

"It isn't mine," retorted Baxter. "I'll hold you responsible for carrying out my orders. I'll have a photographer here inside of an hour. There are a few little things I want to determine for myself."

"Did you find anything suspicious?" asked the Captain. Baxter shook his head.

"Nothing much. But I count on you to do as I have directed."

As they turned away Phillips heard the Captain say disgustedly to his subrdinate: "That's the way they act—these swell-head detectives! Think nobody else knows anything at all!"

"Well,' asked Phillips, as the two men left the house, "do you know all about it?" There was a faintly sarcastic note in his voice.

"Not all," said Baxter suavely. "I've got a starting-point to work from, that's all. You may say that in your paper, if you like. It's all I care to commit myself to, at present."

At that the reporter left him, cursing "professional reticence" in his heart, chiefly because it was entirely lacking in news-value. The *Globe-Courant* that afternoon contained a highly-sensational article on the murder. There was no suggestion in the paper, however, as to the possible murder or murderers.

Popular gossip, however, was not content with that. The prominence of Judson Bolt; his private life, which had been extremely retiring; every known fact, relevant or otherwise, these things all came in for their share of discussion, which gradually found their way into print. Mrs. Bolt, the dead man's young and handsome wife, had been summoned by telegraph from her winter home in Miami. Very reluctantly she submit-

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ted to an interview by the reporters. Her picture appeared on the front pages, in connection with lurid head-lines.

"Wife Knows of No Enemies! Mrs. Loretta Bolt, Beautiful Girl-Wife of Murdered Financier, Can Give No Clue. Home-Life Always Happy. Deplores Silence of Detectives."

Newspapers, however, cannot confine themselves entirely to proved facts. They must also present suspicions, and a city like Westville is many-tongued. Inside of forty-eight hours a well-defined rumor had gained ground, a rumor which, in the papers, went only so far as to hint that a "Well-known Politician" had been mentioned in connection with the case. No names were given. In street-talk, however, the name of Charley Dunham was freely uttered. The rumor grew as it was passed on. It was reported that Charley Dunham had quarreled with Judson Bolt; had threatened to kill him on sight. When this story was brought to the ears of Dunham himself, sitting at ease in his luxurious office, he only laughed.

"What! Me kill Jud Bolt? Why? We were the best of friends."

"But people say—"

"Let them say!" Dunham's tight-lipped mouth grew grim, and his fighting chin was thrust forward. "I can account for my movements that night, if I have to! But I don't see any need to, yet. I'll just sit tight; somebody else can do the talking!"

It happened to be a matter of common knowledge that Charley Dunham, as local boss, controlled his district and that his constituents from the first had opposed Baxter's conduct of the case as arrogant. Jimmy Phillips, as Baxter's friend, shared this opinion.

"No use talking, Ed," he told Baxter confidentially, "something's *got* to be done. People aren't satisfied with having you sitting here merly looking wise. Charley Dunham either did it or didn't do it, he's guilty or he's innocent. Either way you've got to get busy, or you'll find that the case has been taken out of your hands and given to the police."

Baxter smiled wearily. "Get busy, eh? I've put in eighteen hours a day on the case since the murder happened. What more do you want?"

"Then better let somebody else have it. Better that than be discredited altogether, and you will be if you hold on to no purpose. Have you any evidence at all?"

"Some," said Baxter, non-committally. He sat up in his chair, with a gesture of decision. "Well, Jimmy," he said, "maybe you're right. I may as well bring it to a show-down. There's a chance that I'll fail. I'm not sure that the theory I have is the right one, still, it's a theory. Detection of crime is empirical, just as medicine is and must be. Half the time, all a detective, or a doctor, has to go on is a guess. If he is a good detective or a good doctor, his guess is fairly likely to be a good one. I admit I started these rumors about Dunham; they are a part of my guess-work. Maybe he didn't do it. I don't know. But we'll find out. Go back to your paper and tell them I've promised action."

The next morning a real thrill shook Westville when it became known that Charley Dunham had been arrested on a charge of murder, and that a preliminary hearing would be held before Magistrate McCarthy.

"Dunham *made* McCarthy!" was the town's comment.

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The court-room was crowded. Dunham, big, vigorous, compelling, sat in the prisoner's box, with a confident smile on his face. A half-dozen photographers snapped him to capture that smile. Baxter seemed strangely to have lost his usual air of self-confidence; he had an anxious look. He appeared much less at ease than the prisoner himself. People noticed and wondered.

The charge was read. Baxter announced that he would call as his first witness Miss Alicia Thorne. A young woman, evidently much frightened, came forward and was sworn.

"What is your occupation?" asked Baxter abruptly.

"I am—or was until he died—stenographer for Mr. Judson Bolt, in the Third National Bank Building."

"Do you recognize the prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell us, please, when you saw him last."

"He came into the office on the Thursday of the murder—that is, the day before Mr. Bolt's body was discovered. He asked to see Mr. Bolt. I went in and told Mr. Bolt that Mr. Dunham wished to see him."

"What did Mr. Bolt say?"

"He seemed displeased. He said: 'I don't want to talk to him. He's a yellow dog.'"

This caused a murmur. The magistrate rapped sternly for order.

"Will you please tell us what you saw and heard?" continued Baxter.

"'What shall I say to him?' I asked my employer. He frowned: finally he said, 'Well, let him come in. I may as well have it out with him. Keep everybody else out.' I admitted Mr. Dunham. I stayed in the outer office,"

"Did you hear any voices?"

"Yes, sir. I could hear them talking, very loud, but I could not make out the words. Mr. Dunham seemed to do most of the talking. At last the door opened slightly. I heard Mr. Dunham say: 'Very well, Bolt. Do as you please. But remember—if you do it—I'll get you!'"

This testimony caused another stir, which seemed to have no effect on the prisoner, except that his smile creased deeper into his grim face.

"Was that all, Miss Thorne?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Dunham came out immediately. He seemed excited—he did not look at me—but hurried past, slamming the door as he went out."

"Mr. Dunham," said the magistrate deferentially. "Are you represented by counsel, or would you like to ask this young woman any questions yourself?"

"I'm capable of handling this myself, I guess," said Dunham crisply. "I'm good enough lawyer for that." He turned to the witness. "Are you sure, Miss Thorne, of the exact words you heard? I didn't say, for example, instead of 'I'll get you'—'I'll get it for you!', did I?"

Her eyes opened wide in wonder. "Why, I—I don't *think it was*," she said naively. The judge smiled, Dunham grinned, only Baxter seemed annoyed.

"That's all, thank you," said Dunham pleasantly.

"Mr. Baxter," said the judge, "I'd like to hurry this hearing as much as possible. If you are through with this witness will you please call what other witnesses you have?"

"Your Honor," said Baxter, rising slowly, "I have no other witnesses."

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There was a murmur of surprise on the part of the spectators. The judge stared, and his amazement slowly turned to wrath.

"You do not mean to say, Mr. Baxter, that you have brought this charge upon the unsupported testimony of one witness, and that witness not a material one? I am surprised at your taking up our time so foolishly."

"I did not say," resumed Baxter calmly, "that I had no other evidence. It is, however, not direct evidence. Its value depends—er—largely upon Mr. Dunham himself. He is the only one who can furnish the corroboration I need."

"But, you are a lawyer, are you not, in addition to your other activities?" There was cold scorn in the judge's voice. "You must certainly be aware that the defendant is not required to testify against himself."

"I am aware of that, Your Honor. But—" and Baxter's voice was silkily insinuating—"I am also aware that Mr. Dunham, as a man of standing in this community, is naturally, if he is guiltless, anxious to have this imputation which Miss Thorne's evidence casts upon him cleared up. Under the circumstance I know that I, if I were accused, would want to state definitely what I knew about the case, and especially the conversation referred to. I would also, if I were in his place, desire to tell anything else I knew about it, especially as to my own whereabouts on the night of the murder. For he is on trial, not merely legally, but before the bar of public opinion. He will not be vindicated by a merely negative exoneration."

Charley Dunham had been listening attentively. He leaped to his feet.

"Your Honor!" he shouted. "I am not afraid to talk! I'll answer any questions, and I won't try to shield myself with any legal immunities! I can prove where I was on that night. I can and will also give *my* version of my talk with Mr. Bolt. Let Mr. Baxter ask me—I'll answer."

"Swear the witness," said the Judge in an undertone. Charley Dunham took the stand.

"Mr. Dunham," said Baxter softly, "I accept your challenge. Suppose you tell us first of your conversation with Judson Bolt."

"Gladly," said the witness. "Judson Bolt and I were good friends—well, perhaps that is too strong a term—friendly acquaintances, let us say. Recently I heard, indirectly, that Mr. Bolt needed some good whiskey. I am not, of course, a boot-legger. But neither am I in full sympathy with the so-called Prohibition movement. I have several friends who, to put it gently, are not averse to turning an honest but illegal penny by vending forbidden spirits. As a matter of friendship I called up Jud Bolt to tell him about a man who, I thought, might help him get what he wanted. The upshot was that Mr. Bolt bought several hundred dollars worth of whiskey from this man. Unfortunately the whiskey was not good. Mr. Bolt considered himself aggrieved. Naturally, perhaps, he put some of the blame on *me*. In fact, he was quite bitter about it. This may account for his use of the words 'yellow dog'—which Miss Thorne has quoted."

A roar of laughter interrupted the speaker. The judge rapped, but indulgently.

"Perhaps," he said dryly. "That *might* irritate a man, I should say."

"Very well," said the witness. "When I heard that

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82ND STREET AND EAST RIVER
141ST STREET AND HARLEM RIVER

Bolt was sore at me I thought I had better go and talk to him. I called at his office, as Miss Thorne has told you. At first Bolt was quite unreasonable. I lost my temper also, somewhat. But I wanted to be fair: I made him what I considered a reasonable offer. I told him I would send him some whiskey from my own stock, first-rate stuff, to replace the whiskey with which he had been cheated. He said: 'I don't think I ought to take this from you, Charley.' I replied, as nearly as I remember: 'All right, Bolt. Do as you please about it. But remember—if you say so—I'll get it for you!' "

The witness turned, to smile a smile of slow triumph at Baxter.

"That may explain Miss Thorne's testimony, perhaps. As to my movements after that, I can only say that I stayed at my office all day, and went home at about six. After dinner I played casino with my wife. I was at home all evening. I went to bed early. The next morning I heard that Judson Bolt had been killed. But that is all I know about this matter."

"One question," said Ed Baxter. "Do you know Mrs. Bolt, Mr. Dunham?"

The witness hesitated. "Slightly," he said at last.

"Not at all well?"

"No, not at all well. I have met her in company a few times, that is all."

"You have never had any friendly relations with her, especially—that is to say, affectionate relations?"

"Absolutely not." Charley Dunham snapped out the words angrily.

"Your Honor," and Ed Baxter laid a small parcel on the desk before him. "I wish to put into evidence a number of letters written to the witness by Mrs. Loretta Bolt, the murdered man's wife. These letters may be interesting, in the light of Mr. Dunham's denial that he knows Mrs. Bolt intimately."

"I object!" shouted Dunham, trembling with rage. "This is relevant to nothing at all!"

"It is relevant to your testimony under oath," said Baxter, smiling. "You said you hardly knew her. I want to prove that she knows *you* very well!"

"Objection is sustained," said the judge. "These letters, if they are genuine, are of importance only as corroboration of direct testimony of Mr. Dunham's guilt. That testimony is so far entirely lacking."

"Your Honor," said the witness, in a low voice. "I would like to make a correction. I may have done wrong. I *do* know the lady in question. But I thought it better—more gentlemanly—not to bring her name into this trial. That is all I can say."

"The Court respects your motives," said the judge feelingly. "You have done only what any gentleman would have done. Are there any more questions to be asked, Mr. Baxter?"

"Can you prove what you say, about being at home all that evening?" snapped Baxter.

"I have my wife's testimony, and that of her maid, Susanna Black. You can question them."

"Mrs. Dunham, will you please take the stand?"

Mrs. Dunham was a meek little woman with subdued manner. She was sworn.

"Where was your husband on the night of July nineteenth?"

"He was at home, sir. He came home to dinner, and said he was tired and would not go out again. So we played cards until about ten o'clock, then went to bed."

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After a few more questions, she was excused. The maid, Susanna Black, was called.

"Mr. Dunham was at home all evening," she testified. "I heard him and the Missus talking. They played some sort of game. I was in the kitchen. They went to bed before I did. He didn't go out at all that night."

"Miss Black," began Ed Baxter, "have you a gentleman friend who is on the police force?"

"That is an irrelevant question," said the judge, interrupting impatiently. "I cannot see any reason for prolonging this farce any longer."

"Your Honor," protested Baxter, "I only wanted to bring out—"

"It is quite irrelevant. I cannot permit you to take up our time with silly insinuations. Mr. Dunham has proved conclusively that he has not had any part in this murder, and I can see no reason why he should not be considered to be entirely exonerated from such an absurd charge. Therefore—"

"Your Honor!" cried Baxter. "Just one moment! Will you allow me one more word before you continue?"

"Well, what is it?" said the judge, irritably. "Be quick about it!"

"Are you aware, Your Honor," began Baxter, "that the fingerprints of no two men in the world are exactly identical?"

"I have heard that said," grudged the magistrate. "What of it?"

"Only this: I said that I had no more witnesses. But I have nevertheless some evidence which, if it be admitted, is perfectly conclusive. It is this. At the time of the murder, in the room where Judson Bolt was killed, was a mahogany table. That table is highly polished—polished in such a way that it retains perfectly the fingerprint impression of any hand which happens to touch it. I wish to ask Mr. Dunham one more question. Mr. Dunham—" he leveled his finger accusingly—"were you, at any time immediately previous to that murder, in Judson Bolt's library?"

For some reason Charley Dunham had turned deathly pale. He considered for a long time, then said in a voice that trembled:

"No."

"Very well, Your Honor," Baxter addressed the Court, "Mr. Dunham says he was not in that room. No one, so far as I know, saw him in that room, or in the vicinity, that night. His wife and his servant say that he was at home. Perhaps all three of them are telling the truth. I do not deny it. I do not know. I admit this fact. But—" his voice rose strong and clear—"if he *was* in that room, if his fingerprints are clearly marked on the polished surface of that table, I have a witness whose testimony is worth more than all this other testimony combined. I kept people out of that room; I guarded the door. No one has touched that table. I have had the marks photographed, and I have the photograph here in my pocket. *Some one* leaned on that table, and left fingermarks on it. If it was not Mr. Dunham, then we owe him an apology. But if it was—"

He paused. Charley Dunham seemed to have shrunken in his chair.

"I didn't—" he began. "I tell you I didn't—"

"That is what I would like the Court to find out for me," said Baxter. "I have no way of knowing what the fingerprint of Mr. Dunham's left hand looks like. I

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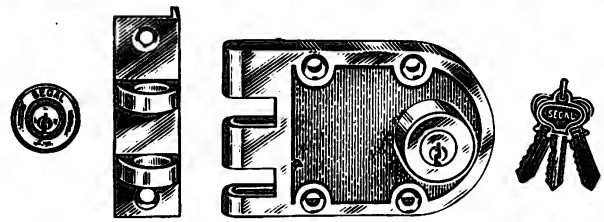

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only know that there *are* fingerprints of some man's left hand on that table. I demand that the Court order Mr. Dunham's fingertips to be impressed, so that we may compare the impression with this photograph in my hand!"

Dunham made a weak gesture of protest. "I won't—I won't!" he cried.

"Does the Court so order?" asked Baxter firmly.

"Mr. Dunham," said the judge. "I think—in all fairness—"

"I tell you I *won't* let them fingerprint me, like a common criminal!" shouted Dunham. His poise was gone; he seemed frantic with excitement and fear. The judge looked at him thoughtfully.

"I am afraid I have no course," said the judge, "except to order that an impression be taken of the defendant's fingertips. Mr. Baxter is right in this case. In the interest of justice—"

"I tell you I won't allow it!" Dunham had started to his feet. "I—I'll tell everything first! I may as well, if he has got my fingerprint on that table! You want the truth—all right! I *did* kill Judson Bolt. I killed him because he had heard about Loretta Bolt and myself, and was going to bring it to trial, public trial! I didn't care for myself, but I wasn't going to have her name dragged in the mire! I told Bolt that if he did, I'd get him—and I *did* get him! That's all I have to say! Bind me over to court if you feel like it! I did my best—I wanted to keep it out of court—and I failed!"

He covered his face with his hands and sat silent.

"Then the testimony your wife and her maid gave was false?" asked the judge quietly.

"Of course." Dunham looked contemptuously toward his wife, who shrank from his look. "That poor fool would say whatever I told her to. And I had only to tell Susanne that her Patrick would lose his shield if she didn't testify as I told her. But what's the use of this talk? I'm guilty. I'll stand it like a man. But I'll not have Loretta's name dragged into it again—*she* didn't know anything about it, I'll swear to that!"

"Prisoner remanded without bail for trial," said the judge automatically. Baxter gathered up his papers and prepared to leave the room.

"I thought he had beat you out that time for sure, Ed!" said Jimmy Phillips, offering his hand. Baxter took it wearily.

"Thought so too—for a little while. But you'll admit that detectives do guess right—sometimes!"

"Shucks!" said Phillips. "*You* didn't have to worry. You had those fingerprints for evidence, didn't you? You had him where you wanted him."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Baxter, lowering his voice. "You see, the fingerprints were all right—they were *there*. But what I didn't think necessary to mention was, that I had discovered that they weren't Dunham's. They were Judson Bolt's own fingermarks. Doesn't matter, I suppose, now that Dunham's confessed. But I had a few anxious moments before he admitted that he did it. He had a first-class alibi, while I—I hadn't anything at all."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Phillips soberly. "You had the brains. C'me on!" he caught his friend's arm. "I'm going to buy you a first-rate cigar! I think I owe you that much, anyhow—I'm not going to knock you professional men again, till I know what I'm talking about!"

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Sinister Dick

(*Continued from page* 13)

maybe they'll be easy with me." He seemed to have gone insane with terror, the words fairly tumbling from his mouth. "I've taken my chance and I'll face the music!" he added, straightening up suddenly in a weak attempt at a heroic pose.

"You ain't goin' to confess nothin'!" growled Dick, seizing his arm. "You're willin' to face the music, eh? Regular movie hero, ain't you? What music? What chance? You bust in your own bank and if you're caught there you got a million quick answers for embarrassin' questions—you're workin' on the books or somethin'. Takin' a chance!" he sneered in the other's face. "You calculated on takin' this here money, hittin' the trail with your actorine and touchin' nothin' but the high places 'til it petered out. Then when she bucked and threw you over, you come back here, blame it on the white lights and go to jail for a few months while all the ministers and town gossips say it's a terrible shame, because you always sat in pew eight every Sunday! I know your kind of hombre—I had one in the next cell to me for five years What about the woman upstairs? What chance is she takin'? Was she goin' to get any of this here quick money? Well, you didn't sound like it when I heard you!"

He stopped, breathless, while the other watched him as if fascinated by his vehemence, then—

"We can be back at the bank in ten minutes!" Dick went on, lowering his voice, with a fearful glance at the stairway. "We'll put back the money and get your watch. Nobody will ever think of that loose grate—that was the best thing you done about the whole business!"

Dick seized the satchel and fairly pulled the other out the window after him, plunging on through the underbrush the way they had come less than an hour before. Dick briefly outlined a way their strange mission could be successful—the cashier was to return the money and obtain his watch, entering by way of the loose window-grill in the rear. Dick would stand guard outside, "taking care," as he put it grimly, of any casual passerby.

Dick's first act was to reconnoiter the bank from all sides, noting that no guardian of the law was in sight. The cashier then lowered himself into the basement for the second time that night, taking the satchel from Dick.

In what Dick thought was six months, though it was really only ten minutes, the cashier reappeared, pale and perspiring freely, but most of the panic was gone from his features. He dangled the watch in front of Dick in response to the latter's question—he even essayed a jest, now that the danger was past, perhaps thinking shame-facedly of the sorry figure he had presented at the bottom of the stairway. But Dick threw up his hand and cut him off roughly.

"Git back to her as quick as you can!" he commanded. "If she wakes up and you ain't there—she might git scared or somethin'! I'll forget anything I saw or heard tonight—I—" He stopped and finished huskily. "Go back to her now and see if you can't make a white man out of yourself!"

And he, to make the freight West, turned and strode briskly off toward the railroad.

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A Duel to the Death

(*Continued from page* 31)

that Christmas-tree gun. Kurtz seemed frozen stiff.

"I see you had it ready," says he, closin' the drawer and turnin' the key that was in its lock as he stood leanin' across the table. "Thanks, Kutz. Good night—and good bye, for it's not likely we'll meet again."

"Don't you fool yourself—damn you!" bawled Kutz, findin' his voice at last. But I didn't see how he looked when he said it. Jimmy had begun to back toward the door of the room, so I was beatin' it out of the house, feelin' like all sorts of a fool. But I was waitin' on the sidewalk when he came, to tell him what I'd seen and what I thought of it. I told him good an' plenty, for I was sore.

"There's no law against a man havin' a gun to protect his house," says I, and so there wasn't—not then. "But there *is* a law," I says, "against gettin' the drop on a man—"

"The drop!" repeats Jimmy, grinnin' wide.

He'd not say a word till then, and his hand was still in his pocket. Now he turned the pocket inside out—and it was empty. Divvle a thing, barrin' the hand, had it held. 'Twas all a bluff, begob!

"But Mike," Jimmy goes on, before I have time to speak, "I tell you that beast isn't fit to live! Listen. Glory was in love with him once—or thought she was—before she met Billy. She wrote him some silly letters, as a spoony girl will. Now he threatens—he and Uribe, who's no better than he—to send those letters to Billy, with notes that will put every silly, innocent word in an evil light—if she won't help them to live on him—to suck him dry of every dollar he has! She asked me to get those letters back and I'd have choked him with his own silly gun, before I'd fail."

I said nothin'. Before I could speak, he sat himself down by a lamppost on the edge of the sidewalk, unfastened that packet 'an began pullin' the letters out av their envelopes. That looked sensible; I nodded.

"We'll see what them silly, innocent words was," says I.

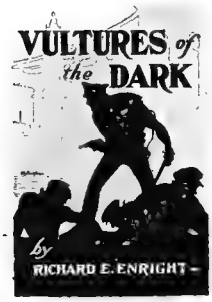
"D'you suppose I'd *read* them?" cries Jimmy, with horror in his voice.

That shut me up again. What was there to say to such a man? So I watched him as he piled the letters in the gutter, touched a match to them an' saw to it that every scrap was burned.

"They can't do any harm now, no matter what happens," said he, "and the envelopes will serve to prove that I got them. Good night, Mike." And he beat it. And I beat it. What else was there to do? But I done some tall thinkin', at that.

Why should a girl have such a fit about innocent letters, no matter how gooey they was, that she wrote to wan man before gettin' herself engaged to another? Especially when that other man was Billy Merwin, who thought that the sun rose an' set in her eyes. I had me doubts about them letters, but they was gone now, an' just as well, maybe, that they was.

The girl had been desp'rit; to me that seemed plain. So she'd gone to Jimmy, knowin'—for she was no fool—that he'd not fail her, an' 'twas for her sake that he done what he did. But what had he done? Pulled a hold-up? maybee; but if so I cudden't swear to it. Kutz had raised no objection to annything, and it sure



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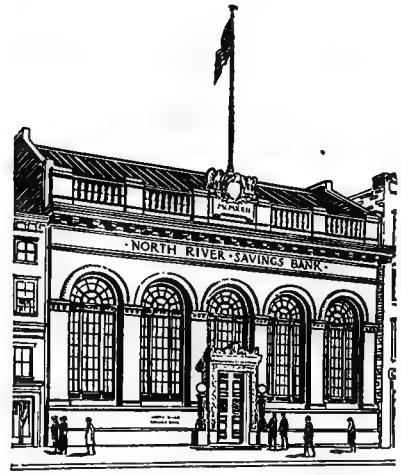

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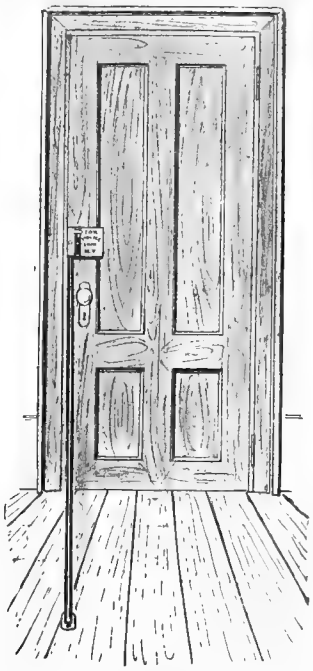

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had not been done by force av arms. That didn't bother me. But he—Kutz—was a human wurrum, that killin' was too good for. No dog's trick would be too low for him to play on Jimmy. But what could I do about it, cop though I was? The more I thought, the more I couldn't tell. Then, like a flash, the notion come to me; I'd go to the old Colonel, an' see what he thought. So I did, the next afternoon.

Luck was with me; I met him before I got to the studio, near the corner of Sixth Avenue. He listened to what I said; and a look came into his face that somehow put me in mind of that name the Inspector had said he was called by—"Sudden Death." Yet his voice was kind when he spoke to me.

"I thank you, Michael," he said. "Jimmy is a fool, of course. Otherwise, perhaps we both would not be so fond of him as we are. And though it is difficult to see just what else he could have done, yet—"

He stopped short, for around the corner came Jimmy, and close behind him came the ginks—Kutz and the other—the dark one, that looked like a stage pirate—Uribe. Neither had seen the Colonel and me, for we was partly hid by the news-stand on the corner. Kutz grabbed Jimmy's shoulder, and whirled him so that they was face to face.

"I want those letters," says he.

"Rot!" Jimmy comes back. "In the first place, I haven't got them—"

"You lie!"

It was Uribe, not Kutz, that said this. He always had been the hot-headed one, and now I seen that his temper was clean gone. He had a pair of gloves in his hand, and he slapped Jimmy's face with them. I turned away quick. I'd stood up to Jimmy with the gloves, an' knew what he could do, and I didn't want to be a party to no felonious assault—not there on the street, annyhow. At the time I thought the Colonel felt as I did, for he jumped for'd like someone had touched a spring in his legs. So I trailed along, thinkin' I might be needed.

I'd thought I knew those men, all four av them, but now I seen I had another guess comin'. Uribe was Spanish. Kutz, as I learned by the papers the next day but one, was the son av a German army officer by an American mother. The Colonel—well, he was just the Colonel, an' Jimmy was his disciple. They had ways that was strange to me. Jimmy made no move to poke Uribe in the jaw. He just turned pale and stepped back. 'Twas the Colonel that did the talkin'.

"If it's a brawl that you wish," says he, "I'll appeal to the police. Otherwise—"

He said no more, an' didn't need to, it seemed. Uribe knew what he meant—which is a lot more than I did. He just wagged his head towards Kutz an' then walked away without a word. But his face wasn't red any more, I noticed, but had turned near as pale as Jimmy's.

"Go to the studio. Take Jimmy with you. Wait there for me," snaps the Colonel.

'Twas to me he spoke. I could understand that soldiers what served with him would pretty near do what he told them; me legs had begun to obey orders before me mind had time to direct them. Still I wondered what it was all about, though, and asked Jimmy. He smiled.

"Leave it to the Colonel," says he, kind av sad. "He can handle affairs like this better than anny other

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man in the world, I think. But say nothin' to Billy. 'Twould only bother him, an' do no good."

I agreed to that all right, an' he went on, up into the studio.

The Glory girl was there. Her hair was down—bright hair, it was, hangin' to her knees. She was dressed in a sort av night-gown thing, an' Billy was paintin' her as an angel. Angel! Yet she looked the part. We didn't disturb him, but sat down an' waited, as we'd often done before. We waited a long time. Billy had finished for the day, an' two other artists had come in as usual before the Colonel showed up. He brought a leather case, somethin' like the wans they carry fishin' rods in, an' the two ginks was with him. He was smilin' an' cordial like I'd never known him to be till then.

"Mr. Cope and Mr. Uribe have had a slight difference of opinion," he announced. "Very sensibly they have agreed to settle the matter by a fencing match which, in view of the circumstances, will be conducted with something more than the usual formality."

He looked at the two ginks, and they nodded, sort of sullen. The three artists—Billy and the two others—clapped their hands, but I didn't. It was like settlin' a fight by a game of tiddlywinks, the way I looked at it; I was disappointed in Jimmy—and the Colonel, too.

Neither did the Glory girl clap her hands. She drew a quick breath, kind of shuddery, like someone had dumped a bucket av water over her.

"I—I think I'd better go," says she.

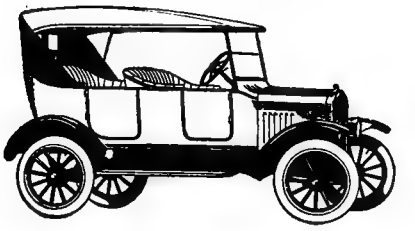
The Colonel had stripped off his coat an' vest—a thing I'd never seen him do before—and was rollin' up his right shirt-sleeve. Then he stopped; and the look he gave that girl through his little eye-glass seemed to see inside av her.

"I think you'd better remain," says he, and he spoke both quiet an' gentle; yet she sank into a chair like her legs had lost their strength.

Jimmy an' the two ginks had stripped like the Colonel had. He ran his hands down the side av Uribe's shirt, while Kutz did the same by Jimmy, though I couldn't guess why. From that leather case he fished out two foils that was differ'ent from anny others I'd ever seen. They had battered bell-hilts av silver, with a coat av arrums on them, and their ends was covered with rubber tips instead av the waxed-ends laced over the buttons as they'd always used.

Jimmy an' Uribe each took wan. Kutz an' the Colonel stood at right an' left, each with an ordin'ry foil in his hand. The two principals saluted an' each made a pass at the other; then the seconds—as I s'pose they was—struck their foils upward. This, I gathered, was like shakin' hands in the prize ring. Then the seconds' foils was lowered, an' the real match was on.

Never before had I seen fencin' like that. Never, most like, will I see it again. Them foils wound round each other like a pair av slim, shiny snakes, too swift to see. But I'd learned somethin' from watchin' Jimmy's work so often, an' I could see that he was playin' easy, with only a stop-thrust now an' then, and otherwise guardin' himself an' no more. I could also see that Uribe, pressin' hard, was tirin' himself an' losing his temper. Kutz seen the same. Suddenly he struck up their foils. The Colonel did likewise, then glared through that eyeglass of his. 'Twas like askin' a question, an' Kutz answered it.



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"My principal's shoe-lace is comin' loose," he says; an' stoopin' down, he untied wan of Uribe's shoe-strings, that I could see nothin' wrong with, an' tied it again.

"You and I will debate this question av the boot-lace later," says the Colonel, very quiet; then they crossed their foils wance more under those av the two principals, snatched them away, and the match continued, but not for long.

If Kutz done what he did to give Uribe a chance to get a grip on his temper, he failed. Uribe thrust; Jimmy countered, came through with a full lunge—and scored. But his foil didn't bend, as foils always had. It went right on. For a second Uribe stood, with that rubber tip tight against his shirt. Then he swayed backward and fell, like a marble statue might fall. Natur'ly the rubber tip pulled away as Uribe went down, and then we all saw that it had been pinned into place by six inches av reddened steel.

The Glory girl flopped in a dead faint. Uribe was done for, stuck through the heart by that silver-hilted foil. Sharp! Why, the point av that thing was like a needle! It had to be, to force its way through the rubber tip that was supposed to guard it. But the tip had been there, in place. At the inquest everybody swore it was a fencin' accident. What else could they swear to?

Two days later there was another fatal fencin' accident. It happened to Marmaduke Wellington Kutz, in a friendly bout with Colonel Peter Tyrone. At least, that's what the papers said. But it was pretty raw—the two accidents so close together. The Colonel found it wise to go away for his health. I don't know where. I never seen him again. But I wish him luck, wherever he is, for he was a fine old man, though a bad one to trifle with.

Well, the Glory girl is savin' Biily's money for him yet. It's the best thing she does, I'm thinkin'. And that's about all.

Mooney sighed, and I filled his glass again. "What became of Jimmy?" I asked. He blew his nose loudly; then answered.

"He went half way up San Juan Hill, and is buried there. May God rest his soul!"

He rose, as did I. We drank the toast in silence and standing, as was right and fitting that we should.

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The Typical Case of a "Cop"

(*Continued from page* 38)

the chauffeur. Luck was with the doughty officer.

The other effect of the crash followed by the patrolman's shot, was to scare and stampede the highwaymen. Ward now gave chase. From various points of vantage the two men, Bopp and Gerald McCaffrey, fired at the pursuing policeman. To get true aim, Bopp, cornered, used his comrade both as a shield and a rest. Before he could get the patrolman, a shot from Ward went through the side of McCaffrey's coat and straight to the body of the firing bandit. He died before he reached the hospital. Hands up, the other man surrendered, and the patrolman lowered his gun, taking him prisoner.

The latter will be duly tried, and the crime, the killing of the bandit, the capture and escape of the wounded criminal retold.

In the meantime, a sketch of Patrolman Ward is timely, for his case, and the incident of his career, are typical of modern American youth. Although he saw service in Mexico and was in the World War (where he took part in five major engagements, winning commendation for bravery under fire) he is still only a young man.

If we study the military record of this patrolman who has come favorably into much public notice through ridding his city of a dangerous outlaw we find that here, too, it is a typical story of the average man among the two million enlisted in the World War. He was twenty-four years old when he sailed for France. From 1912 to 1915 he had served with the Fourteenth Regiment, New York National Guard, engaged, as stated, in the Mexican Campaign under Pershing. Overseas, he was in the campaigns and battles of Luneville, Champagne-Marne, Chateau-Thierry, Aisne-Marne and Meuse Argonne. A shell fragment sent him to the hospital but he recovered and was re-assigned to the front. His discharge, April 15, 1919, signed by Major M. B. Carson, commanding the 2nd Batallion and his victory medals, attested by Captain A. Sinnott, October 7, 1919, referred to his character as excellent, his services honest and faithful, with no absences against him during the whole period of the great conflict.

His home-coming was the simple but stirring climax of "one of ours" who had made good oversea. Here was material for a real Willa Cather book, without need of embellishment. It was not necessary even to chronicle it outside of the testimonials of the captains commanding, for the story of Corporal Ward, No. 89,963, of the 165th had a million duplications in the papers of our returning youth.

Before America's entry into the War, Ward had applied for a place on the police force. His application, now renewed, was not, of course, impaired by his citations for bravery under fire. But it was not as a veteran that he was passed. He came in first-class physical trim, a sprinter, with some amateur trophies, and as a safe and capable man with a gun.

He got the job; it was not long before he had captured, single-handed, two burglars breaking into a tailor's shop at 5111 Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn. That, of course, got only the most casual notice in the press, for such exploits are everyday happenings throughout America. Similar passing notice came when he stopped a runaway horse hitched to a truck of the Sheffield Farms. The

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sprinter patrolman was dragged a block before he stopped the frightened horse. The young patrolman's left foot was crushed, his back and shoulders wrenched, but he held on. The deed saved the lives of a number of schoolchildren. This was near Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street, Brooklyn, the neighborhood that has been the scene and witness of his rise to popularity as a model officer.

It was here on Seventh Avenue in Brooklyn in November, 1922, that a speeding car crashed into the motorcycle of Police Officer Patrick Tuapey, dragging him fifty feet and leaving him bruised, lying in the street, when Ward leaped to the running board of the touring car. He, in turn, was thrown, but the two patrolmen were able to give detectives of the Fourth Avenue Station particulars, and the driver of the car was traced and arrested.

These and similar incidents color his five years on the force, leading up to the tragic event of February 2nd. Only in names and places, and in no sense in essentials do they differ from the records of patrolmen in all American cities. That is the encouraging thing about the commendable and highly commended career of Patrolman Ward, that it *is* typical. His years of peace in Brooklyn have sent him to the hospital, injured in the performance of duty, more often than war invalided him at the front. In Seventh Avenue, he has been from month to month as near to death as he was in the campaign of Chateau Thierry and the Argonne.

But for his deadly aim in ridding the community of the highwayman Bopp, who, it is believed, would have been tried for a share in the murder of Martin Carlsen, and in all likelihood have ended his criminal career in the electric chair, Patrolman Ward might have continued unmentioned beyond the annals of the Brooklyn neighborhood he patrolled. His case was simply one of hundreds of thousands of brave and efficient men, a perpetual target in uniform for the wary who ply their trade of crime in the safe masquerade of conventional and even fashionable dress.

How customary it is for deeds such as Ward's to be mentioned for a day and then forgotten, is evident in the case of Patrolman Charles Dechon, also of the Fourth Avenue Station, who came running to the help of Patrolman Ward and joined in the fight. He, too, faced the bullets of the bandits, took part in the running fire and shared in the honors, yet his name figured but little in the news.

All the circumstances in the case emphasize the abiding truth that bravery is an American trait, and a priceless asset, not confined to any class or to any community.

To recite the deeds of Patrolman Ward is not to extol them unduly nor to claim something exceptional in the story of his courage, save, as has been shown, that the emergencies of the beat, a trail trodden by the people, a path of peace and security, American patrolmen, like Ward, must momentarily be prepared to face death coming in friendly guise.

If we would do justice to these warriors of peace, it cannot be too clearly kept in mind that there is no warning, no red glare of rockets, no bombs bursting in air, no drum or bugle call, no cry of the captains.

There persists, properly, the epic of the open spaces where men are men, but it is matched by the chronicle of the congested cities where patrolmen, unafraid, help to make the streets safe. Millions of modern Americans

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eact to the thrill of the Oregon Trail and the "Covered Vagon," but we sit in security in the darkened cinema, ollowing Emerson Hough's story because brave men valk the beat outside.

The big thing about the killing of the bandit Bopp, herefore, is the emphasis it places on the important fact hat the qualities of bravery that glorify forever chapters f American history still vitalize the manhood of the ation. The Chronicles of America, splendidly presented n the screen by Yale University, currently show, for xample, the fortitude of the Pilgrims in the first New ngland winter they endured, but it is matched by Gunar asson and his comrades in the blizzards of Norton ound. Miles Standish re-lives in the mushers driving heir marmalutes, carrying serum to Nome.

Hergesheimer, carried away by the glamour of the hining Mountains and the legends and traditions of he West, says that De Soto would have had to abandon nodern men in the swamps. The novelist strangely forets that in the still more open spaces, the infinite spaces where men are airmen, both De Soto and his followers would be carried across the continent in a day.

Moreover, Pilgrims and the voyagers of Spain and ortugal and France, bravest of men, knew this, that whatever of uncertainty and mystery there was in the ife and elements about them there was unequivocal ostility.

Like soldiers, they, too, were in the presence of the nemy. Similarly, the modern airman fights the law f gravity. Happily there are (as yet) no highwaymen n the sky. The airman has no need, save in times of war, to scan the horizon for other airmen. No seemngly friendly plane suddenly reveals itself as a pirate raft. Similarly there were no gunmen to be watched y the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock.

Thus, throughout the story of America, there is no parallel to the patrolman, who, like Ward, is called upon without warning to encounter a deadly foe, an enemy f society, moving to the moment of crime under the anoply of peace.

How a President Was Swindled

(*Continued from page* 22)

he westerner. "A half interest in it is worth $40,000 ash at any time if I wanted to sell, which I don't. If Jack Smith, who never did a lick of work on it in his ife—if I give him $25,000 for poor old Tom's share, I think that's square enough."

But the ne'er-do-well Smith thought differently. He strutted about Browne's office with his thumbs thrust into the armholes of his vest and announced that he wouldn't take a cent less than $30,000, and it must be spot cash at that. In vain did Cheney dangle his $25,000 in bills before Smith's eyes. He was adamant.

Finally Clint Cheney gave up and declared he would return to Arizona at once.

"I've got to get back home," he told the attorney. "I hate the idea of Smith getting control of a half interest in my mine, so if you can find a decent buyer for his share, you will be doing me a favor."

That night Browne called on the President at the White House and was received in the study where the Chief Executive was busy poring over official documents.

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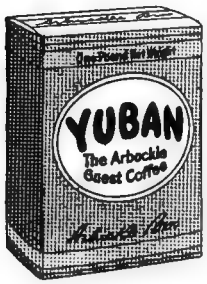

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He went into details and then concluded:

"I can raise $20,000 at once and if you can put up $10,000 we are certain of getting hold of a property that can be developed into a big money maker."

The President considered the matter for a moment.

"I'm attracted to Cheney," he admitted, "and I have $10,000 to invest. If you think that ethically——"

"Oh, ethically it is all right," interrupted Sam T. Browne. "It's simply a matter of buying a piece of property at a bargain price. I'll investigate further, however."

The next day a telegram came to Clint Cheney at Browne's office.

The attorney had been authorized to transact all the westerner's business, so he opened it. The message was from a big Arizona brokerage company and said: "Will pay $40,000 for Smith's share, Sodom mine. Leaving for Washington tonight's train."

Browne called up the President on the telephone.

"If we want to get that mine we've got to act quick," he said. "A western concern is after it. I don't think we'd better wait for the information I sent for."

So the President of the United States and his friend Sam T. Browne raised $30,000, paid it over to Jack Smith and received the necessary deeds.

Then came bad news. A reputable firm in Bisbee informed the attorney that the Sodom and Gomorrah mine was practically worthless, being flooded with water. In confirmation of this came a letter from the bunco men themselves, who wrote to the President direct.

"We knew who you were all the time," the letter said. "We've trimmed you good. Now make yourself ridiculous by telling the police. The American people would like to hear that their own President had played the sucker in a skin game."

William Pinkerton was called in. When the bunco men were described to him, he recognized them as old time "steerers" and shortly after he arrested Frank Pine and Jack Bowman. Pine is now dead and Bowman was only recently released from a western prison.

"I never told that story before," said Pinkerton, in conclusion.

And he will never tell it again. Because William Pinkerton is dead.

Browne, of course, was an honest attorney, and was himself a loser. The reports and recommendations from the Chamber of Commerce and others were false. The telegrams and letters were sent by accomplices of the con men. The whole swindle game had been worked out with the greatest care and detail and it is little wonder the President "fell' for it.

The name of the President is a secret, buried in the grave with the mortal remains of the famous detective.

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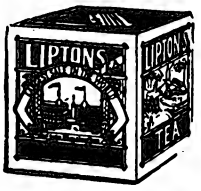

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Belgium's Police Force

(*Continued from page* 34)

discovered and arrests that have been made in any of the Quarters.

At the end of his tour, the Deputy Commissioner is relieved by one of his colleagues; for guard duty, of course, goes on, day and night, without cessation. Relief from guard does not, however, mean relief from the work that has accumulated during the tour of duty. This work the Deputy Commissioner takes back to his own Quarter, there to carry it on until, so far as the Division is concerned, each case has been finally attended to.

In addition to these tasks, and in addition also to the routine work of overseeing that of his patrolmen, "patrolling agents," he would call them, of his subdistrict, the Deputy Commissioner frequently has special duties to perform, often in uniform. These take him to theatres, to public meetings, parades, or to any place where he and his men may be required to handle crowds or repress disorder; special duties, in fact, very like those of our New York precinct commanders in similar circumstances.

The Brussels patrolman, when "pounding the pavements", has his regular beat around certain specified blocks, like any other patrolman. His patrol always begins and ends, however, at a certain place called "the control point". To this point he must return, and there he must remain for two minutes at the end of each fifteen minutes or half-hour, according to the length of his beat. If he is not seen at the stated time and place the Inspecting Agent, from Municipal Headquarters, on a bicycle, or the Controlling Officer (the Belgian version of a precinct roundsman) knows that the cop has either gone to the station house on some important business or else has gone AWOL.

The Belgian patrolman does not specialize to the extent that ours are frequently forced to do; even in Brussels there is no occasion for this. It is true that there are a few, a very few, Deputy Commissioners and Special Constables detailed to act as a "Brigade de Sureté", as the municipal detectives are called. There are also a few men on bicycle or motorcycle duty. But these are all.

The patrolman's tour of duty is eight hours, divided into two stretches of four hours each. The day is therefore divided into six stretches, all of which are numbered, as follows: (1) From 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. (2) From 1 P. M. to 5 P. M. (3) From 5 P. M. to 9 P. M. (4) From 9 P. M. to 1 A. M. (5) From 1 A. M. to 5 A. M. (6) From 5 A. M. to 9 A. M. The men who take Stretch No. 1, from nine in the morning until one in the afternoon, also take Stretch No. 4, beginning at nine in the evening. The next day they take Stretches 2 and 5—and so on. When on traffic duty, however, he does two hours only. At the end of this time, in order to avoid the fatigue that this work is supposed to entail, he and the nearest man on patrol exchange places. One

(*Continued on page* 70)

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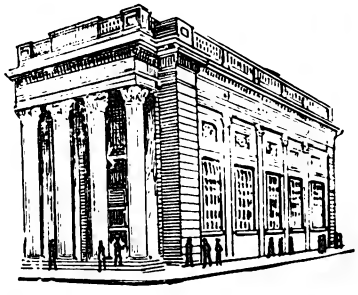

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(*Continued from page* 68)

day in seven he has to himself. And he deserves it.

In Belgium, as in many other continental nations, prostitution is not regarded as a crime but as an unhappy necessity, that must be regulated because it cannot be abolished. There is, therefore, the usual requirements that such women shall be registered with the police, and subjected to regular medical inspection. We were told that the number of these "butterflies", as they are called, is gradually lessening, but even as it is there is little visible evidence of their existence. Street solicitation is forbidden after midnight only, but even so one is rarely or never accosted.

There is, however, another and very real menace which is not decreasing — quite the contrary! — and which is common to every city in the North American and European world. This is the drug addict, frequently also a sexual degenerate, who is driven by his abnormal cravings to commit crimes of violence. This plague, to be sure, is more prevalent in New York than elsewhere. This is inevitable; no other city has been made such a sink into which has been poured the festering refuse of the old world.

Nevertheless Brussels has its share. To deal with this unspeakable scum, and also with other varieties only a little less vile, the city has recourse to a branch of its uniformed, non-specialized police which, paradoxically enough, wears no uniforms of any kind and is specialized to the last degree. These are the famous Belgian police dogs.

It would be a perfectly safe statement to make, if the truth could be known, that of every hundred people who read the last sentence of the preceding paragraph, at least ninety-nine will jump to an erroneous conclusion. The image that will arise in their minds is that of the German sheep-dog, which in this country has taken brevet rank as a Belgian because the recent unpleasantness left behind it a strong prejudice against Teutonic products of any sort whatsoever.

It would not be true to say that none of these German dogs are included in the Brussels force, but there are not more than enough to make a decent quorum, as one might say. Some of the others are frankly mongrels, more are the larger, shaggier and more powerful sheep-dogs of the Landes. In the beginning, it may be recalled, the statement was made that these members of the force wore no uniforms of any sort. There is no account taken of their mere appearance; physical and mental fitness for the work is all that counts.

No dog, except the greyhound and his relatives, has really good eyesight. Every dog, of course, has a sense of smell infinitely more keen than that of any human being. These police dogs of Brussels have had this sense developed until it can be surpassed by no animal, not even the bloodhound. What one is tempted to call their powers of reason has also been developed to an extent that might well be the envy of men and women easily selected by anybody whose circle of acquaintances is of average size.

The dogs are not used in the residential or thickly-settled business portions of the city. Their work is con-

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fined to the parks and more remote parts of the environs. An extemporaneous demonstration of this work was given for our benefit soon after our arrival.

A man, dressed in civilian clothing to represent a fugitive criminal, dropped a glove that he had been wearing and darted off into the wooded interior of one of the parks, circling erratically as he ran, and disappearing from our view almost at once. In a minute or two a policeman, master of the dog whose prowess was to be shown, followed the "criminal" and also disappeared. Then the dog was brought forward. He was made to sniff at the glove, and his leash was slipped.

He started, and so did we. Knowing in advance the general line to be taken, we were able to follow it by the shortest route, while the dog was obliged to trace every curve, and this advantage enabled us quite easily to keep him in view. It was a breast-high scent for him. Rarely lowering his nose to the ground, he went in a swinging gallop that carried him over the ground with remarkable speed; with too much speed some times, for once or twice he overran his trail, but only to make a quick, circling cast and pick it up once more. He never was at fault for more than a few seconds.

Naturally we supposed that it was the "criminal" that the dog was after, but in this belief we soon found ourselves partly mistaken. The first thing he tried to do was to locate his master, which he shortly did. This accomplished, he set forth upon his real quest, from his master as a base of operations, and in an incredibly short time a burst of canine melody informed us that the quest was at an end. The quarry had been treed—and he *was* treed; though he had been pretending, the dog had not. No sound had the latter made during the chase; to run mute and give tongue only when the quarry was at bay had been part of his training.

When that training is finished, and the dog is graduated, he has become as much of a policeman as the Chief Commissioner himself. He will treat his comrades, human and canine, with civility but also with dignified reserve. He obeys orders only when they are given by his master, and until he has received orders to the contrary, any person not in uniform might be non-existent, so far as he in concerned. Such training is necessarily the work of an expert. The Inspector, for that is his rank, at the head of this canine school has devoted all his time to its tasks for the past eighteen years. No wonder the tasks are performed with thoroughness and competency.

Thoroughness and competency are also outstanding characteristics of the school for human policemen. Its sessions never end, nor do its functions end when the recruit has received the instruction necessary for him to qualify as a patrolman. It is in this connection that a remarkable fact concerning the Brussels police force is impressed upon the observer's mind.

Belgium is a kingdom and France a republic, as all the world knows. Yet the Parisian police, upon which that of Brussels has been modelled, is infinitely the less democratic of the two. The former draws the line between commissioned officers and their non-commissioned brethren even more rigidly than is done in the French army. To cross that line is a practical impossibility. All ranks in the Brussels police, on the contrary, are open to the enlisted man, and he is encouraged to attain them. M. Edmond Crespin, now seventy-one years old, who for

(*Continued on page* 73)

Abie's Irish Rose

For this month the American Beauty, long-stemmed and fragrant, gives way to "just a little sprig of shamrock"—otherwise known as white clover. Modest in bloom and leaf, the shamrock is as rich in its appeal to sentiment as an old-fashioned garden or a wreath of orange-blossoms; and like the sensitive orchid and all other flowers, it retains its freshness longer when kept cool with Knickerbocker Ice.

Just as sparkling Knickerbocker puts a cheery, healthful tinkle in the glass, so does Abie's Irish Rose put a cheery, healthful tinkle in the heart.

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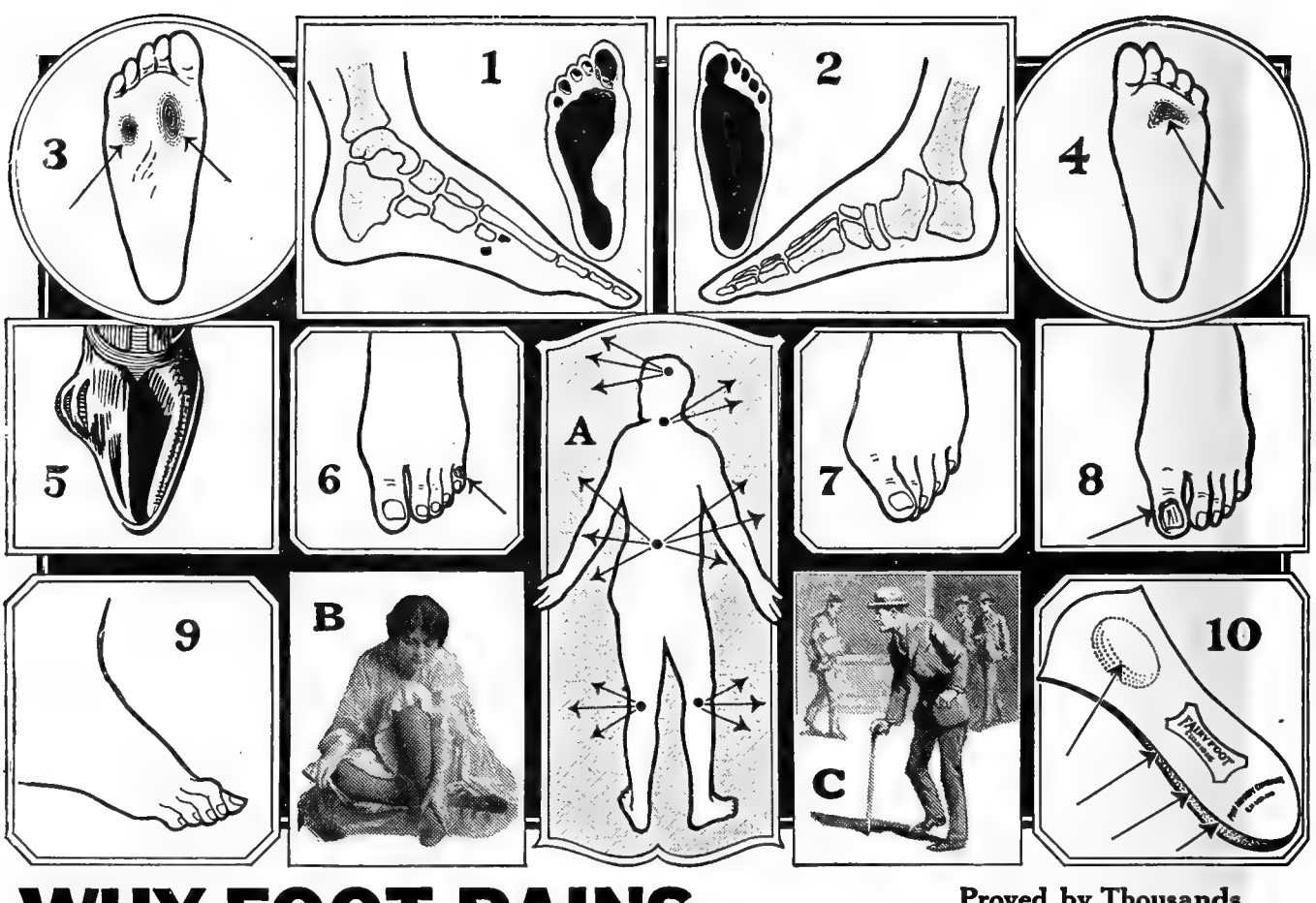

WHY FOOT PAINS GO IN 5 MINUTES

Five minutes is now the time limit for foot and leg pains. Reports from people who were chronic sufferers tell of practically instant relief from all sorts of foot troubles, also relief from leg and back pains and headaches, caused by feet out of order. A wonderful new, scientific invention, known as Fairyfoot Cushions, has brought astounding, sensational results. The amazing reports seem almost incredible, but a very special offer enables you to prove without a penny's risk that this great invention will do the same for you.

What Ails Your Feet

Twenty-six bones form the arch of the foot. Even one of these bones getting out of place puts abnormal pressure on the muscles and nerves—then the pains appear.

It is displacement of these bones by the weight of the body, too much standing or ill-fitting shoes that causes "flat foot." The weight of the body is thrown out of balance and the foot is often crowded down into the shoe causing bunions, corns, calluses, ingrowing toenails, hammer toe, or Morton's toe, and the shoes become misshapen and run over at the heel.

Then you have agonizing pains in the feet and often leg pains, backache, headache, "rheumatism" and nervousness. Let the arch drop ever so little and trouble starts. You can't always see that your foot is flat—it may look all right—but the merciless pains tell you that something has gone wrong.

How Fairyfoot Cushions "Position" the Feet

These wonderful Cushions (highly recommended by orthopedists and physicians) bring relief by "positioning" the feet. They point the toes straight ahead, causing the arches to take their natural position. They also direct the body's weight to the ball, heel and outer part of the foot, where Nature intends it to be. Every bone and muscleis put just where it belongs.

Fairyfoot Cushions are very flexible, and while positioning the foot normally, gently massage and exercise the muscles which have become soft and flabby and give them strength to support the readjusted arch.

Stiff metal devices can't give this kind of pressure and strengthening exercise. They act merely as supports and actually allow the muscles to become weaker. They usually have to be fitted and adjusted by experts. They are heavy and clumsy. Pads and bandages are mere makeshifts.

You don't have to adjust Fairyfoot Cushions, and they weigh less than an ounce. Fairyfoot Cushions are made in 50 different sizes to fit **the daintiest slipper or heavy shoe**—no costly made-to-order appliances to pay for.

Your feet also regain their correct shape. The instep, the heel, the toes all stay in their proper positions. Your shoes keep their shape, your suffering has vanished. Results are immediate. Guaranteed in five minutes.

Key to Diagrams

1. Normal Position of Arch and Print of Normal Foot.
2. Fallen Arch and Print of Flat Foot.
3. Calluses.
4. Morton's Toe caused by arch breaking across fore part of foot.
5. Bunion.
6. Corns.
7. Crowded Toes.
8. Ingrowing Nail.
9. Hammer Toe caused by foot pressing forward.
10. Fairyfoot Cushion. Showing built-up layers of flexibility and device for "positioning" foot.

A. Pains in Legs, Back, Neck and Head, originating in Feet.

B. and C. Result of neglecting foot troubles.

Heed the Danger Signals

Any pain in your feet, legs or back means most likely that something is wrong with your feet—something that needs attention right away. Don't assume that these pains will "cure themselves." Even a few slight twinges may point to a condition that will mean serious trouble later on. Fairyfoot Cushions will correct the cause of the trouble and then the pain must go.

Proved by Thousands

Letters like these, from former foot sufferers, show what Fairyfoot Cushions will do:

"I had to hobble on a cane. With Fairyfoot Cushions I walk perfectly."

"Had a bad case of fallen arch. Fairyfoot Cushions have completely corrected it."

"Leg and back pains all gone now, thanks to Fairyfoot Cushions."

"Bunion and hammer toe have gone, also my pains and nervousness. Fairyfoot Cushions did it."

"The first real relief I have had from foot pains in 10 years."

HOW TO ORDER

Place stockinged foot lightly on piece of paper and trace outline of foot with pencil held vertically, as shown above.

Send this and also write size and width of shoe in coupon.

Send No Money

So sound are the scientific principles on which Fairyfoot Cushions are made, so remarkable have been the results obtained in "hopeless" cases, that we gladly send them on free trial.

The regular price is $3.00, but for a limited time we offer Fairyfoot Cushions for only $2.19. Pay only when postman brings them. Or you can send money in advance if you wish. Either way. Make the 5-minute test—see how quickly the pains go. Then wear them 14 days and if not satisfied return them and we refund your money. Send coupon today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
22nd Street and Millard Avenue
Dept. A Chicago

Enclosed is outline of my foot. Send me a pair of Fairyfoot Cushions. I will pay special price, $2.19, on arrival, and will make the 5-minute test. Am also to have privilege of wearing them 14 days at your risk. If I am not satisfied, I will return the Cushions and you will refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Size Shoe..... Width.....

State Man or Woman .....

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(*Continued from page* 71)

ten years has headed the Brussels police, started as a patrolman, as did many of his immediate subordinates.

It should not be understood, however, that promotion goes merely by seniority, without other qualifications; such a belief is far from the facts. The successful candidate for commissioned rank must be properly trained, but he is offered every opportunity to obtain that training. This is one of the Police School's most important functions; and to dispel any possible doubt of its thoroughness and efficiency, brief synopses of two of its courses are here given.

FIRST COURSE.

For members of the Police Judiciare (national detective force), municipal detectives, non-commissioned officers of the Gendarmerie, Commissioners and Deputy Commissioners of the Municipal Police and judiciary officers.

POLICE SCIENCE. Methods of identification. Signalling. Photography and anthropometry. Dactyloscopy. Finger-print classifications. Examination of scenes of crime. Precautions. Description and photographic reproductions of marks and signs left by authors of crimes. Footprints. Prints and marks of other sorts. Animal tracks. Wheel tracks. Technique of robberies. Fires. Burned papers. Chirography. Counterfeit bank-notes and coins. Cryptography. Communications between criminals. Filature, camouflage and grimage. Professor Dr. de Richter, expert in legal medicine and police science, Director of Police School.

BERTILLON MEASUREMENTS AND PORTRAIT CLASSIFICATION. Professor, F. E. Louwage, Judiciary Officer of the Court of First Instance. Incidentally, one of the most brilliant scientific detectives of Europe.

LEGAL MEDICINE. The corpse. Wounds. Asphyxiating and poisonous gases. Sexual instinct. The new-born child. Toxicology. Professor, Dr. Heger-Gilbert, Professor of Legal Medicine, University of Brussels.

CRIMINAL ANTHROPOLOGY. Dementia and madness. Intelligence and normal faculties. Character. Criminals without pathological defects. Neurasthenics. Intoxicated criminals. Chronic alcoholics. Morphine addicts. Cocaine addicts. Auto-intoxication. Psychology of witnesses. Psychology of victims. Dr. Vervaeck, Director of General Anthropological Service of the Penitentiary.

PENAL LAWS AND CRIMINAL PROCEDURE. Professor, M. Collard, Deputy Attorney-General of Brussels.

SECOND COURSE.

For commissioned officers of the Gendarmerie, senior officers of the Police Judiciare, Attorneys-General and Deputy Attorneys-General, judges and all magistrates.

All the above studies in their more advanced aspects, and in addition, the following:

TOXICOLOGY. Professor de Laet, University of Brussels.

SEROLOGY. Professor Bruynoghe, University of Brussels.

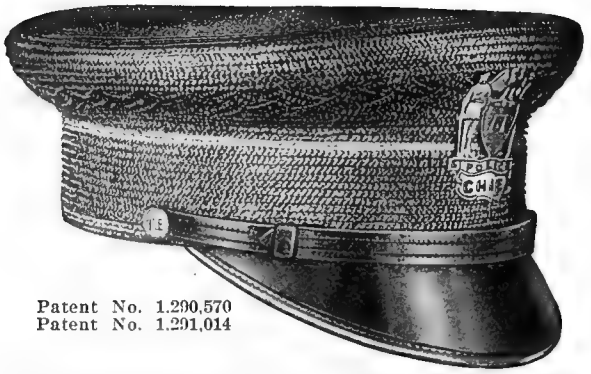
METHODS AND APPLICATIONS OF CRIMINAL LAW AND PROCEDURE. Professor, Cornil, University of Brussels and King's Prosecutor.

NORMAL AND PATHOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY. Professor Ley, University of Brussels.

BALISTICS. APPLIED PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY. Colonel Mage, of the Royal Military Academy of Brussels.

It is only a small proportion of the patrolmen who

Straw Caps for Police



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Mean Comfort for Policemen in Summer

This cap is not an experiment, it has been worn by Police under progressive chiefs for the past five years. Wears as well as a cloth cap.

Every Police Department should have a set of these straw caps for the summer, at least for the traffic men who cannot use the shady side of the streets.

Made in colors to match your uniforms

For Chief, with black velvet band and ½ inch gold strap.
For Capts., with black straw band and ½ inch gold strap.
For Lieuts., with black straw band and ⅜ inch gold strap.
For Mounted and Traffic Men, 2 yellow stripes.
For Patrolmen, 2 light blue stripes.

For sale by the dealer now supplying you, or if he cannot furnish them write us direct for sample cap and prices.

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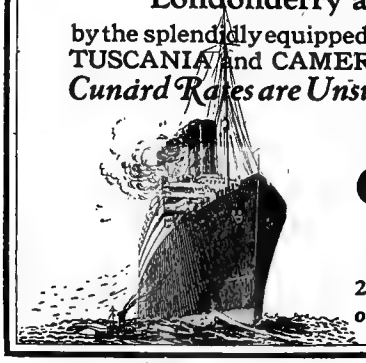

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attempt the first of the foregoing courses and fewer still follow it with the second one. Naturally so. The rank and file of the Brussels police, like that of any other police, will for the most part lack the necessary preliminary education, the necessary mental capacity, or both. Nevertheless, even though he never rises above the grade of patrolman, if his service has been honest and faithful his old age will be secured from want.

Any member of the Municipal Police of Brussels has a right to demand retirement on pension when he has reached the age limit prescribed by the Pension Fund Regulation. This limit differs for the varying ranks, as follows:

Commissioners	65 years.
Detectives	62 years.
All other members	58 years.

When the retiring-age is reached, the policeman is entitled to 1/45 of his last year's pay for every year of service, with one year added for each period of five years. If he dies, his widow is entitled to sixty per cent of his pension. Aften ten years of service, he has a right to claim a pension even though he has not reached the retiring-age if his health no longer permits him to attend to his duties. When any member of the force is retired in consequence of injuries received in the line of duty, his pension is never less than seventy-five per cent of his last year's pay.

So when the old patrolman comes off post for the last time, and for the last time is paraded, inspected and dismissed, he may face the future with a tranquil mind.

Jiu-jitsu for the Thug

The policemen of Berlin and Vienna have taken a leaf from old Japan and are practising the subtleties of jiu jitsu in handling obstreperous gentlemen who resist arrest and endeavor to "do up" the officers of the law who would bring them peaceably to justice. Here is one of the effective "holds" that are likely to discourage an assailant.

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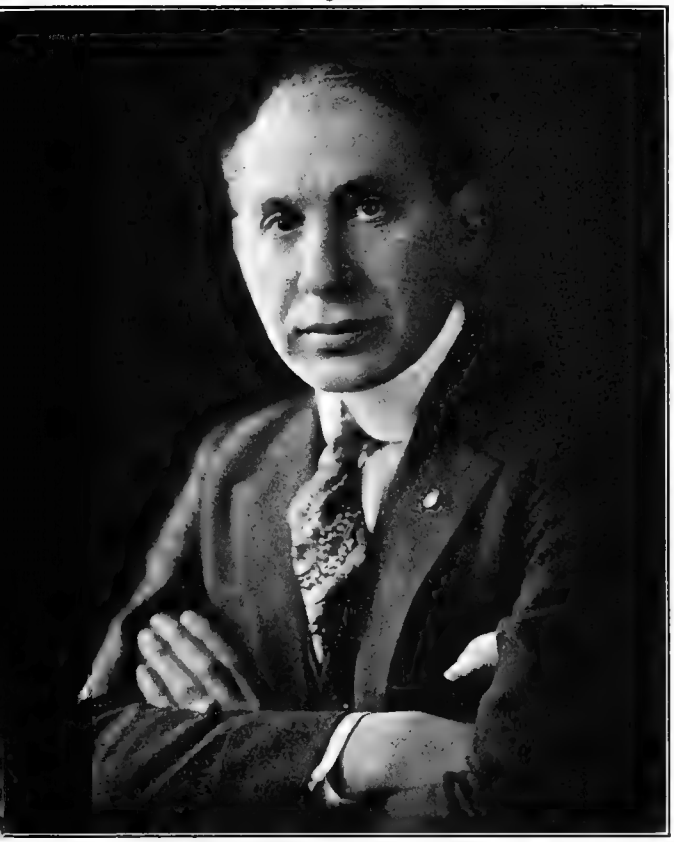

Henry Fruhauf, Acting Deputy Police Commissioner, New York City

Man of Affairs and "Cop"

We see, in this world, chiefly that for which we look. An engineer going along examines construction; a merchant the markets; an architect, the buildings. A clothing manufacturer sees clothes. Henry Fruhauf at twenty-seven years of age was a tailor. He observed clothes—saw that men were dressed with particular attention to fabrics, and scarcely any thought of style. He reverted attention from materials to style and founded a fortune.

Henry Fruhauf, today, not only is one of the biggest and most successful clothing manufacturers in the country, but his careful observations of the polyglot of life, the problems of the engineer, the merchant, the architect, the clothier and most absorbingly of police have brought him to the forefront as Acting Deputy Police Commissioner of the greatest Police Force in the world, a leader in Red Cross, other charitable activities and many civic affairs.

Mr. Fruhauf was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1873. At twenty-seven years of age he sought larger adventure in New York. In the metropolis his ideas soon commenced to attract notice. When his manufacturing business was not commanding all of his time, he undertook problems of public welfare. A fight for truth in advertising which he directed as committee chairman of the American Fair Trade League resulted in a clean-up in the clothing trades. Several of the largest retailers in the industry were stamped as dishonest advertisers, convicted and paid large fines. That set a precedent against dishonesty in advertising and the clothing trades today are thanking Mr. Fruhauf for his courageous activity.

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"Do your work as faithfully as though your customers were watching over your shoulder," epitomizes Mr. Fruhauf's preachments to his workers.

In his police role, Mr. Fruhauf has an original slogan: "A pinhole in a battleship's armor may sink the ship if not mended in time."

Commissioner Enright of the New York Police Department first recognized Mr. Fruhauf's usefulness in public work by appointing him as an Honorary Captain. The Commissioner later rewarded the energy and intelligent application of Fruhauf by placing him on the Board of the International Police Conference.

"Faithfulness and reliability," another of Fruhauf's slogans, in application, brought his work to the merited appointment of Honorary Inspector. He devotes a great deal of his time toward aiding Commissioner Enright in upbuilding the New York Department and the unification of all police departments through the International Police Conference.

The lifelong observations by Mr. Fruhauf of the work of his fellowmen, and their needs, have rewarded him with a fortune and suitable roles as leader in their affairs.

An Unsolved Mystery

By Charles F. Drake

COLUMBUS, OHIO, penitentiary officials for many years have been baffled by a mystery which has defied all efforts at solution by officials of the institution, police, telephone operators and newspaper reporters.

It is "She" of the mysterious voice.

For years it has been customary to include in the preliminary arrangements for electrocutions, a plan to learn the identity of the phantom voice of the telephone. Promptly at 12:05 A. M., on the morning of an electrocution, the telephone, in the office of Warden Thomas, rings.

"Is it over yet?" is always the query from the soft-voiced woman of mystery. Told that it is, she whispers an "Oh, dear," and is gone. Prison officials say that the woman has failed to call only a few times during the past ten years.

Futile attempts have been made to trap her by the police and reporters, working in conjunction with the telephone companies. Telephone wires have been diligently watched but in some mysterious manner the owner of the voice foils detection.

In the surcharged atmosphere of tension prevalent in the prison office as the time approaches for the law to demand payment for a crime committed against a member of society, "She" shares in the hushed conversations along with the condemned.

So much a part has the woman become of the electrocutions that an attendant is always stationed in the Warden's office to receive the call.

The first query of Warden Thomas and the prison guards upon their return to the office from the death house, is:

"Did *she* call?"

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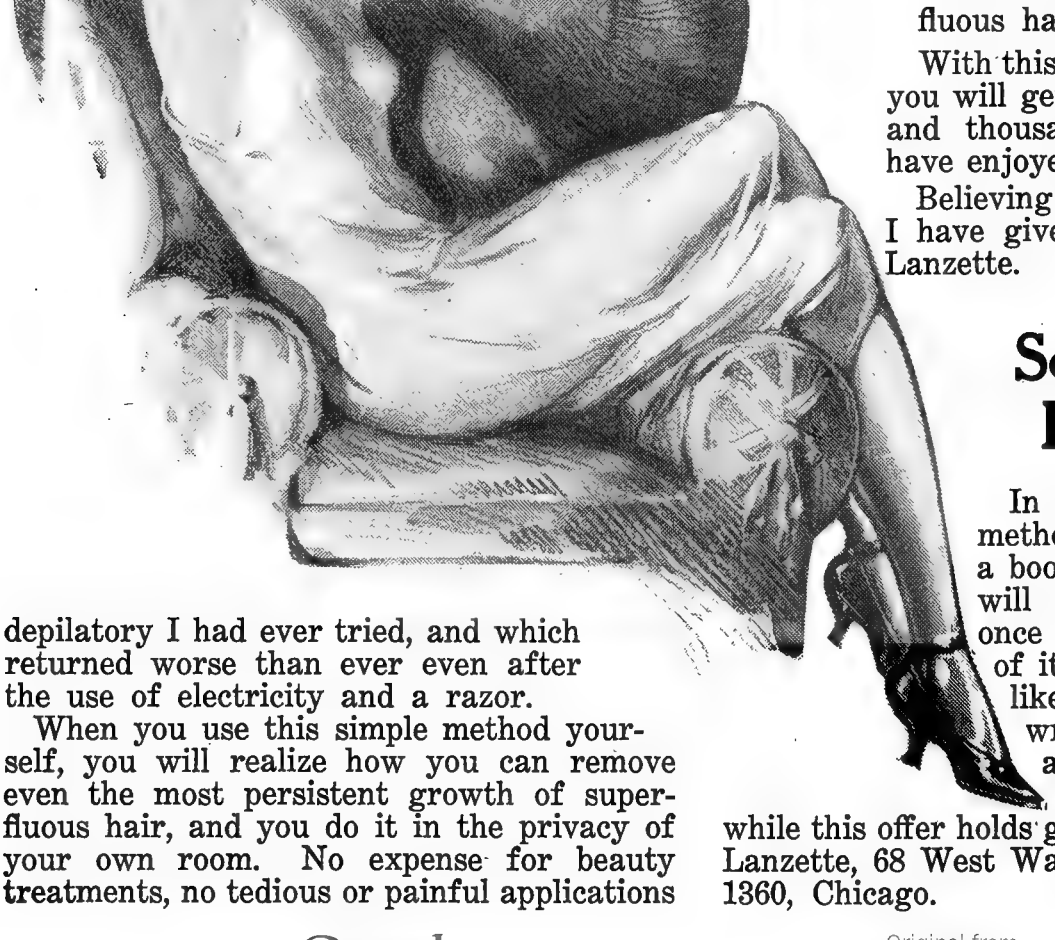
Here's the Method

There is no need at all for you to let superfluous hair mar your looks and embarrass you. I am going to tell you of a simple method with which I removed a heavy beard-like growth which had resisted every form of depilatory I had ever tried, and which returned worse than ever even after the use of electricity and a razor.



When you use this simple method yourself, you will realize how you can remove even the most persistent growth of superfluous hair, and you do it in the privacy of your own room. No expense for beauty treatments, no tedious or painful applications of electricity or depilatories that irritate or even burn the skin.

This method of mine is different from anything else you have ever used. It is not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It causes no burning or itching and leaves no scars. It removes superfluous hair and makes the skin more attractive.

Thousands of other women who also had despaired of ever being free from superfluous hair have found relief with this method. Letter after letter like the following come to me:

> "Your method is the best I have ever used for superfluous hair."

With this method, so easy to use, you will get the same results as I and thousands of other women have enjoyed.

Believing in this method as I do, I have given it my own name—Lanzette.

Send for My Free Book

In order to make this method clear, I have written a book about it, and if you will send your request at once I will give you a copy of it free. No other book like this has ever been written. Don't send me a penny. Just a letter or postcard — now, while this offer holds good. Address Annette Lanzette, 68 West Washington Street, Dept. 1360, Chicago.

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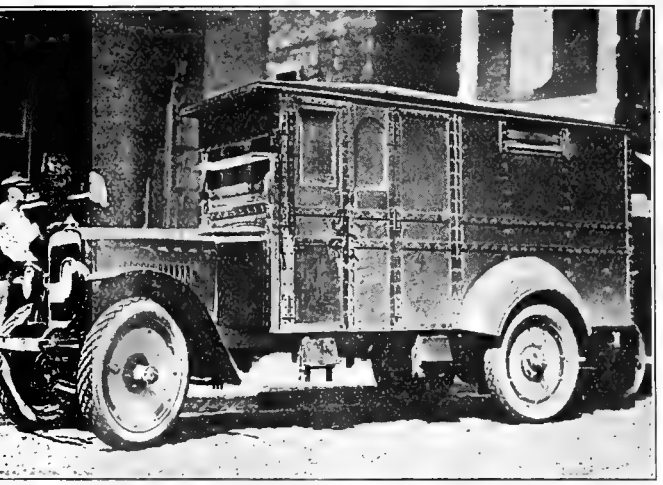

One of several types of armored motor-cars used by a big corporation to carry its pay-roll cash from the company's offices to the bank. Hold-up men do not tackle this kind of a car. It means death to them if they try.

The High Cost of Crooks

(*Continued from page* 15)

should be directly interested in the fact that fidelity losses have increased more rapidly in the past four years than in any previous period of record. The experience of surety companies shows the loss ratio on bank fidelity risks to be more than 15% greater than fidelity losses in other lines. Although these insidious crimes are more readily controlled and are preventable with proper management, the ease by which a number of professional crooks attach themselves as employees has been startling. Operators of this type use genuine references fraudulently obtained from reputable applicants for bank work, and this method has been developed to a sufficient extent to warrant the strongest safeguards as a preventive."

That the Committee is fully aware of the astonishing carelessness of banks in their methods of transferring funds and securities is plainly apparent in the report, for the direct statement is made:

"The Protective Committee deprecates the carelessness shown by bankers and banking houses in entrusting to subordinates, or poorly paid and irresponsible employees, bonds, securities, valuable papers, etc., which results in greater losses to banks, and thereby increases the insurance premiums of all banks. We favor any movement on the part of banks and insurance companies to require the personnel of banks to be more carefully selected, and will support surety companies in any effort they make."

Which is precisely what the police throughout the land have been urging on banks and large commercial houses for many years. It might be supposed that a bank would cause the most rigid investigation into the character and antecedents of its prospective employees to be made, and yet it is a fact known to the police of any section that the banks do not always exercise reasonable diligence. Last September the writer sat for thirty days on a criminal jury. Five bank defalcation cases from inside were heard by that jury. In one case a young man worked in three banks in five months, embezzling various sums from each of the three. In two instances the banks employing him seemed content to get back a part of their losses and dismissed him, reporting the incidents to other

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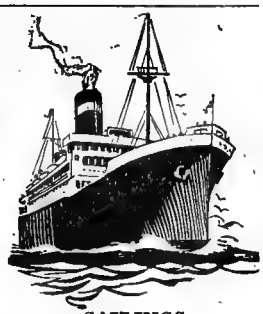

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institutions. Notwithstanding, the faithless clerk immediately found employment in a third bank and repeated his operation.

Measured in dollars alone and wholly apart from the greater inestimable loss in life itself, the cost of crime to industry and banking in the United States is now at high tide. As an economic factor in business it has long since arrived, and whether this enormous toll is paid direct to criminals, or indirectly through increased insurance premiums, it is a tax which cannot be lessened until the conscience and ideals of American business are quickened into united action for immediate reduction.

"That's Not the Man We Want!"

(*Continued from page 27*)

sive sub-cutaneous tissue that overlie the bones. The removal of this, or the reverse, would tend very radically to change the face, and the traces of the operation would be relatively slight, certainly not sufficient to cause remark, nor, save in the case of a surgeon, sufficient to give any clue to what had occurred.

When it comes to the eyes great changes need not be made, simply because a very slight rearrangement makes a very great difference. Many persons have heavy lids with considerable flesh above and below the eye. This can be removed without leaving any trace. By removing some of the skin above and below the eye, an organ that is normally half-closed will seem to be normally carried wide open, and this alone causes a very considerable change in the appearance of the face. Then eyes that are set slightly slanting can be corrected in line by operating at opposing corners, and of course squint, or cross-eyes (strabismus) is readily corrected.

Becacuse of its structure the entire shape of the ear is readily changeable. This is important, I think, because, as Lombroso has pointed out, criminals usually have bad ears. Being entirely cartilage the ear lends itself readily to remodelling. Protuberant ears may be set back close to the head, and of course, if desired, close-set ears can be swung out from the head. A long ear may be shortened, a pendant lobe reduced, and so on. Here, too, slight changes will very radically affect the contour and appearance of the human face, and photographs would seem very different, particularly if beard or moustache had been added or taken away in the case of a man, or the style of hair dressing changed for a woman.

One might believe that little could be done to alter the dimensions of the human face, and while the possible change does not enter into the realm of plastic surgery, it would be possible to make a long face materially shorter, or a short face somewhat longer by changes in the teeth. Both rows of teeth might be removed and two rows of false teeth supplied that would be considerably shorter or longer than the originals. It would be quite simple to effect a total difference of a quarter of an inch, and this would tend, not only to lengthen or shorten the line from top to bottom, but also across the features. Such a change, I think, would incline to puzzle almost anyone, no matter how well an individual might be known.

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Almost any of these alterations would change the facial ppearance considerably, and if they were all undertaken do not hesitate to say that an individual would be so ompletely transformed that no positive identification of im would be possible if six months had elapsed since he as previously seen, while photographs would present so ew points of similarity as to be worthless.

And to add to the possibilities of facial transformation is quite feasible to transplant a mole or similar birth-ark, not only from one part of the body to another, s from the arm to the cheek, but from one body to *nother,* and where a definite scar of particular form xists it would be possible to change its form or appear-nce until it would be entirely unlike its former appear-nce.

As I said, I have no direct knowledge that criminals ave undergone changes of the sort I have outlined, but have not the slightest doubt that many have. It would e contrary to my belief in the resourcefulness of human eings if the crook had not already seized upon this means f escape.

Of course I have no means of knowing the object behind ie inquiries I received from the three prisoners I pre-iously mentioned. Presumably these letters had been ead by the prison officials before they were sent forward, nd it may be that the prisoners had been able to satisfy ie natural curiosity of the wardens, but even now, when think of them, I cannot help but wonder what the real urpose of those letters was. In the case of the graduate om Sing Sing who personally called on me, he was not ackward in saying that he wanted to "look better" so iat he might find it more easy to secure employment. stensibly all of them discussed the matter of facial sfigurements, and that may have been the whole story, it—I wonder. Should any of my three correspondents sit me I doubt if they will mention their stay behind ie bars.

One fact I want to set straight is concerning finger-ints. First it is a fact that surgery cannot change the dividuality of a fingerprint, but we must also remember iat a fingerprint is only valuable in the identification a known individual, or one whose impressions have me into the possession of the authorities. Obviously ey can never affect the first offender.

Finger tissue is of the polyhedral cell construction, the me as found on the soles of the feet, and is the hardest the human body with the exception of the nail and ne tissue. Indeed to all intents and purposes it is the me as that of which the finger nails are built, and it ould not be possible to slice the finger tips off and graft i others, first because I doubt if a graft could be made grow there, and second because the resultant scar ould be so marked as to constitute *prima facie* evidence at a change had been attempted.

I have no suggestion as to the means that should be ken to counteract the criminal's use of plastic surgery. can only point out the possibilities. Indeed instead of ssibilities I feel certain they should be regarded more finitely even than as probabilities. I would hardly sitate at the use of the word certainties.

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Leary—Pirate-Catcher

(*Continued from page* 36)

me up and next thing I knew, they were tying me on t rail of that ice-boat. It was coming dusk and colde blue blazes. Still I couldn't figure their game. 'Spi got on the ice-boat with me and two others followed in another boat. We headed out for the open lake. I say that was the coldest ride I ever had. Must ha been going a mile a minute.

"Well, pretty soon 'Spike' gave the tiller a yank a we skidded around like an artillery horse in the mu He kind o' laughed an' said: 'Leary, I'm leavin' yuh he There's ice for another mile or so, then there's op water. When yuh hit that——'

"Then I got his idea. He gave the ropes another ha hitch and lashed down the tiller. The son-of-a-gun w sending me out into open water, tied down like a rop steer!" Leary paused and fell into the brogue. "I the saints man, I was that scared——

"Well, the others came up then and laughed. One 'em bent down over me and gave the rope a nasty tu Then they got behind my boat and shoved. The wi caught in the canvas and I was off. Man, what a win Fine snow an' the ice cuttin' up from the rudders, slashi my face. There was nothing ahead but darkness.

"I began to twist an' fight. At that speed I'd h open water in a minute or two." He lowered the gaze his blue grey eyes without embarrasssment, though wi a touch of self-consciousness. "So I said my prayers, b my hands were tied. I gave one more pull. And ma the rope broke! It threw me down into the cockpit a something fell under my knee. I reached for it a it was a bone-handled knife. 'Spike' must have dropp it, I figured—and I cut away the line on the tiller. Th boat gave a lurch and we spun around so that I near went overboard.

"I didn't know much about ice-boats. I just heade around, I thought, and let her go. At least I could swi now, if I had to. But I didn't. All of a sudden the run ners grated and we crashed into something. I went o and into slush. My feet hit bottom directly and I bega to shove ahead. And here it was the beach. I coul tell by the ice hummocks loomin' up.

"I looked up at the cliffs. My clothes were ice on me And up there I saw a light. It seemed like hours, bu it couldn't have been, until I pounded on the door and scared farmer let me in.

"I told them who I was quick and asked how far it wa to Couversdale. Two miles, it was. The old woman go some hot coffee for me while the farmer harnessed sleigh. Well, we ran into Couversdale through snow- drifts almost as fast as that ice-boat hit the open spaces out there. I borrowed the old man's gun and . . . the rest was easy.

"You see, I figured they'd try to get away after send-

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ing me off. Their only chance was Couversdale. So I hid behind some old flat-bottom boats lying on the dock and sure enough, I saw their lights comin' in almost right away. The farmer was waitin' up on the road a piece, pretty scared. Well, I waited till they all got off the boat, counted 'em, and then I stepped out.

"They weren't looking for anything like that, so it was a cinch. They dropped some boxes they had and stuck the old hands up as high as they'd go. 'Spike' pretty nearly dropped over when he saw me.

" 'You oughtn't to leave your knife lying around so handy,' " I reminded him, showing him the dirk.

" 'My knife!' he comes back. 'Mine hell!'

"They were all lined up behind the lantern. One of them was grinning a little.

" 'Say, Sarge,' he barks at me, 'yuh look just like you used to on the line.'

"And what do you think? That guy was the same fellow who got hooked on a barbed wire fence one night in France. I happened to be nearest to him, so I went out and brought him in with some others. He was all bloody then, so how could I know his face now? That's what they gave me a medal for over there. Well, this bird had cut the rope for me and left his knife handy. What do you know about that?"

Leary was smiling broadly and his heart was back in Flanders on a shell-lighted field.

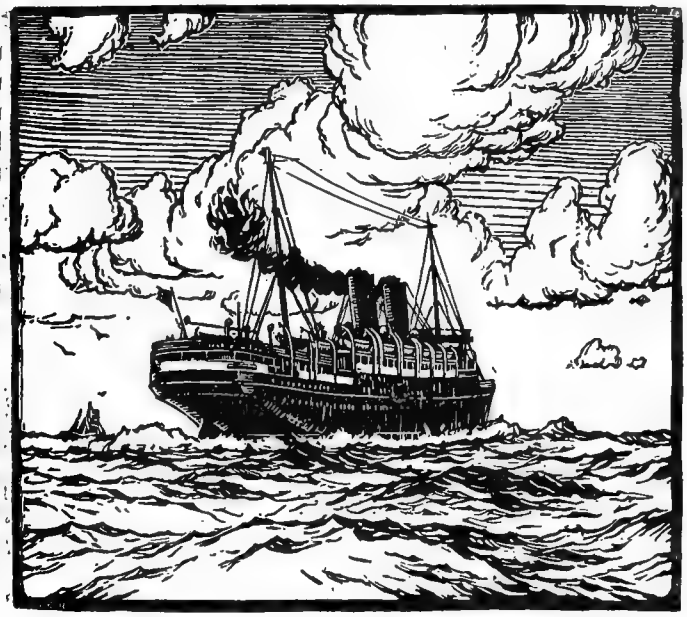
"The son-of-a-gun," he continued softly. "He sure saved my life and that's a fact." The big figure on the cot turned to face his listener more squarely.

"So you see, Chief, that's why I'm asking that you let Riley off easy. He was a buddy an' he surely did me a favor, so I'd like to do one for him."

The Chief smiled. "Leary," he said, steadily, "your friend Riley has orders to get out of Chicago. I think he's gone long ago and is now far away."

Oh yes, you wonder how I got the story. I'll tell you. It's always good to form a friendship with a hospital interne. They're young, usually, and they take chances. For instance, in a case such as Leary's, a reporter may borrow an interne's white uniform and stand at the window with his back turned to the cot and hear everything. They never suspect you. And after you've got the story —well?

I thanked Leary and the Chief and they both had to laugh, because I looked like a cook, Leary said.



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GRACE LINE
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The Saving Grace of Humor

How Human Traffic is Guided by the Wittiest Cops of the New York Police Department

By E. M. Metcalfe

INDUSTRIES and institutions whose servants have direct contact with the world and his wife, child, cousin and neighbor and with New Yorkers in particular have scheduled a new qualification. That is—*a sense of humor*. Wit wins. Getting results without getting into fights and giving effective orders with a catching laugh—that is the order of the day and the best proof of its efficiency lies in the experience of the New York Police Department in handling pedestrian traffic at Forty-second street and Fifth avenue.

Other public service corporations admit that they recognize keenly the psychological fact that the man who can create a smile and keep the public in good humor is the most valuable man they can get, though such a man may often fall short on his other qualifications. It is in these contacts with crowds in New York that the sense of humor and the talent for banter and apt witicism comes in handy and a clearly defined move is evident among superintendents of public service corporations in the greater city to include this qualification of humorist in with the literacy and physical fitness tests.

It would seem that the great trouble with the average New York busman, guard or conductor lies in his total lack of a sense of humor. This naturally results in resentment on the part of the public and, not infrequently, fistic encounters as well as verbal combat. To those corporations dealing with great masses of the public the Police Department furnishes an excellent example of the power of good nature and ready wit.

Will we find, then, in time, that the best policemen are humorists? That Will Rogers, Ring Lardner, Eddie Cantor and others will be enlisted by the Department to instruct crossing squads in the latest, approved banter? Judging from the success of the system on the Avenue, such a move would not be an impossible thing in time to come.

Then we may find that in the policeman's manual there will be requirements that the recruit for traffic squad honors study the great funny men of the past and of the present, the best of the great wits of history and to read the most popular humorous periodicals of our own day.

Dickens' descriptions of the good-natured raillery between "fares" and Victorian London 'busmen have very much the flavor of the crossing policemen of our day with the exception that ours is given us in a differing dialect. The cockney isn't present but the Irishman is quite capable of putting his ready wit in an emergency against that of the Whitechapel product of the Victorian or any other period.

And now we have the humourist cop—the good-natured, witty, bantering cop who has been called into requisition by the Police Department in handling pedestrians at Forty-second street and Fifth avenue. May-

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be you have noticed that the faces of policemen change regularly at this important arterial stand. That is because the policemen on duty there are part of an interesting civic experiment, that of restraining, not the motorist or truck driver, but the walker.

This is something new inasmuch as street-crossing traffic as handled by American police has almost never given the policeman any direct control of the pedestrian. You can walk over almost any busy crossing in the city without restraint from the cop but you can't drive across unless you are following traffic rules. Here we have an implied rule that the pedestrian has the first and broadest rights of passage. Probably there is no legal grounds for such a concession, but it exists nearly everywhere today where traffic is heavy and crossings are crowded.

Thus in restraining walkers, as the cops at Forty-second street have to do, a lot of tact has been needed, not to assuage the feelings of the sometimes outraged New Yorker, but to get results. The experience so far has proved that the humorist cop takes the palm, can get twice the results achieved by the stern order-giving and imperious cop and is a very valuable asset to the traffic squad. So we have what are, no doubt, the picked funny men of the traffic squad guiding the ebb and flow of traffic both ways through the busiest hours of the day.

Scraps of banter between cop and citizen are interesting and often reach the levels of genuine humour of the most spontaneous character. This is especially true in the period during the noon rush on the Northwest corner.

Here are a few stock remarks of the good-natured cops aimed at the restless and hurrying burghers who chafe and fret at the delay:

"Stand up on the curb—you'll look taller," says the officer to a very short little woman, with a bundle.

A roar from the crowd.

"Lunch'll keep hot," he fires at a natty man in a grey suit and carrying a yellow cane who starts across the avenue ahead of the signal, "but you won't need any if you take such chances!"

Another laugh from the crowd as the natty man turns quickly around and recognizes the fact that he is the butt of a gibe.

"If ye'd rather be a wooden legged man, go ahead," he shoots at a middle-aged business man who has wandered into the traffic, absent mindedly.

"The cemeteries is full of people who were in a hurry," he warns a middle-aged woman who edges out beyond the curb.

"Lady, I'll tell your husband on you!" he shouts at a matronly woman about to dodge in between a bus and a cab. There's a shout from the crowd as the woman backs up sheepishly, changing her mind and her face very red.

"Shure an' we'll make you a delegate to the safety first show!" he calls out to a college boy who has poised on the curb, about to spring into the maelstrom of taxis, buses and motors.

"I'd advise you to get a gardeen," he admonishes an elderly man who has just appeared from between two rows of speeding motors, helping him to the curb and on it.

"Wait a minute, wait *a minute, wait a minute!*" he shouts at a fat man who is about to negotiate the avenue in the most thrilling movie fashion.

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"Whatsamatter? Whatsamatter?" asks the fat man unaware that the pedestrian does half of the waiting at this famous corner.

"Wait a minute, *wait a minute,*" repeats the cop pushing the fat man back again with some force, or you'll be hash!"

A yell from the crowd standing near.

"Now, you can all beat it—go on!" is his parting shot as the whistle blows.

Some times the cops on duty at this crossing keep the crowd in a constant uproar. This, of course, defeats the very purpose for which they are posted there. It is necessary to keep a protesting crowd of eager, restless people on business bent, from crossing the street while traffic is running the other way and unless a great deal of tact is used, much unpleasantness may occur. Now and then even the good humour and raillery of a hearty cop will not get by the irate old man from Council Bluffs or the old lady from up in the West Eighties whose sense of humour is such that it offers her no protection from public jibes of this sort. Some cops have been too funny and witty at public expense and have been switched to less conspicuous "stages" to do their stuff while others have been given a try.

Altercations of officers with drivers do not take on the fun that is being constantly furnished by arguments with pedestrians. One wonders what the reason for this may be. There is a suspiciou that the natural enemy of the cop is the motorist and that there can be no compromise between them even in the matter of humour. Encounters with drivers are sordid affairs at Forty-second and the Avenue and the crowd pays little attention to them. But ample amusement is furnished by those who walk.

"It is wonderful," said an officer stationed at this corner, "to see the little real trouble we have with pedestrians. It is true that they are impatient and refuse to wait but there is no bitterness, no resentment and nearly always good humour in the situation. Only very rarely does an officer have to assert himself and get sore."

In the beginning when the semaphore system first was introduced, it was thought that the pedestrian traffic, unused to restraint, would have to be handled with sternness and the "majesty of the law" invoked. But this was a failure. It was found, after some months, that the most efficient method of handling these masses of people was to joke with them and keep them "jollied." That's why policemen have been selected who can do a lot of kidding without going too far in that direction.

All in all, the plan has proved highly successful. At the heart of it is the fact that American crowds are good-natured and the ready appreciation of the policemen's quick repartee and hilarious warnings is something deep in the understanding of New Yorkers. Here is a valuable tip to traffic chiefs of other cities. If you are having serious trouble with pedestrians at congested points seek out the wittiest cops on the force and let them come in contact with the crowds. It means the saving of human lives, it means, too, a better comraderie between the cop and the public.

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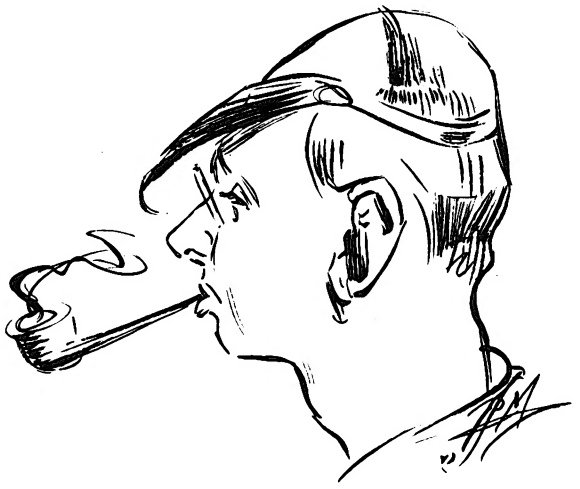

elf-Portrait of R. A. Burley who drew the girl on the cover.

Our Cover Artist This Month

OUT of Nebraska there came to New York a few years ago a young man determined to pep up the art situation in the Metropolis. He had ideas, he had industry and he had nerve. His ideas interested the art editors to whom he showed his work. His industry was a little too apparent in his finished drawings. His nerve stood the test of many discouragements.

His output was steady, unceasing and from the mass few good sales were made—and sales are necessary art is to flourish, no matter what the idealists tell ou about art for art's sake. The pencil is bound to alter when the stomach is empty.

It may be just as well to mention right here that the ame of the artist about whom these few lines are cribbled is R. A. Burley. He is the man who painted pastel the attractive little lady who adorns our cover is month. And, incidentally, the same a.l.l. is Miss ecil Bruner, the English actress who is now appearing a Broadway production. She posed for Mr. Burley d POLICE MAGAZINE and as the pictured wife of a p she will give many a rookie a thrill of imagination. Mr. Burley does not take himself too seriously but does take his art that way. It is an indication of gness when a man does his job excellently but finds no me in which to puff out his chest or shout from the usetops: "What a big boy am I!" That's the kind a fellow Burley is. And you may depend upon it is headed in the right direction for success—a bigger ccess than he has yet achieved.

The caricature at the top of this column is a portrait the artist by the artist and is supposed to represent m while he is in the process of thinking furiously—e furious pipe also aiding him materially in this fficult undertaking.

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AGENTS: Write for proposition

A Roundsman's Musings

By Creswell Maclaughlin

A WOMAN who is kissed against her will is a receiver of stolen goods.

* * *

Sometimes we send a thief to catch a thief who robbed a thief.

* * *

A man is no greater than his wife's opinion of him

* * *

All the Commandments in one—mind your own business.

* * *

Men do not so much object to the tar. It's the feathers that annoy them.

* * *

Try to look like a winner as long as you can stand up.

* * *

Hamlet to the pawnbroker: "O my prophetic soul! My uncle!"

* * *

No human court is infallible.

* * *

Many of these "hail fellows" are not always "well met."

* * *

The inexpensive sauce of courtesy—be generous with it.

* * *

Don't carry a chip on your shoulder unless you are ready to box.

* * *

Gossip is the rattle of an ignorant mind.

* * *

Our enemies are often in our heads.

* * *

If it is a crime to be poor, then most of us are indicted.

* * *

An ounce of intention is worth a pound of bluff.

* * *

They tell us that "imitation is the sincerest flattery." The courts hold otherwise.

* * *

"Love thy neighbor as thyself." But leave his wife alone.

* * *

The fool and his money are not always soon parted. Sometimes the fool's father leaves him enough to make the parting long.

* * *

When the girls call you "Daddy" put a padlock on your purse.

* * *

There are many compensations we get out of life that are not included in the payroll.

* * *

Curiosity seldom fails to poke its nose too near.

* * *

Will power is greater than horse-power.

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